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MEMORIALS

OF

THE FAMILIES

OF

NEWSOM AND BRIGG.

EDITED BY REV. J. E. BRIGG,

Formerly Vicar of Hepworth.

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PREFACE.

THE religious obligation resting upon Christian people of one generation to care for and endeavour to influence for good the next generation, and the generations that will follow, was strongly felt by several of the good people referred to in these pages. Descending through a godly ancestry of many generations, this influential thought operated powerfully on the mind and heart of my late dear wife; and, accordingly, she gathered up material respecting the families of Shrapnell, Dickenson, Bowden, and Newsom, with the view of a book being prepared to make known to succeeding generations the principles which guided their ancestors, and made them burning and shining lights in their spheres of life. I fully sympathised with the original design, but, having other materials available besides, determined to enlarge the scope of the book, in order to furnish what many would like to possess in addition, an account of the Brigg family, which is so closely allied to that of the Newsoms. It is with a sincere desire to glorify God, and benefit future generations, that these particulars are gathered together and put into a permanent form.

J. E. BRIGG.

Huddersfield, Oct. 27th, 1898.

THE COMMON ANCESTORS

OF THE FAMILIES OF

NEWSOM AND BRIGG.

1. James Shrapnell, son of Richard Shrapnell, married Hester Reddish, of Maiden Bradley.

2. James Shrapnell, son of James Shrapnell, married Maria Tiley.

3. Deborah Shrapnell, daughter of James Shrapnell, married Rev. James Bowden, of Tooting.

4. Sarah Maria, daughter of James Bowden, married Joseph Newsom, of Scarborough.

5. Harriet Eliza Newsom, daughter of Joseph Newsom, married Walter Williams, of London.

6. Alice Caroline, daughter of Walter Williams, married John Edwin Brigg, of Leeds.

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1. Mary Dickenson, daughter of Rev. Thomas Dickenson, married James Harriott.

2. Mary Harriott, daughter of James Harriott, married John Newsom, Apothecary, of London.

3. Joseph Newsom, son of John Newsom, married Sarah Maria Bowden, of Tooting.

4. Mary Newsom, daughter of John Newsom, married William Brigg, of Leeds.

5. John Newsom, son of William Brigg, married Sarah Maude, of Otley.

6. John Edwin, son of Jno. N. Brigg, married Alice Caroline Williams, of Brixton.

"Our fathers trusted in Thee: they trusted, and Thou didst deliver them. They cried unto Thee, and were delivered; they trusted in Thee, and were not confounded." Ps. xxii. 4, 5.

"We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old." Ps. xliv. 1.

"This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord. The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee." Ps. cii. 18, 28.

THE SHRAPNELLS

AND

BOWDENS.

We cannot actually trace our family beyond the time of the Commonwealth, although family tradition reports that one of our ancestors was burned as a martyr for his faith. In Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," Black Letter, 6th Edition, printed in 1610, on page 340 we read, "In the 23rd year of King Henry viii., and in the year 1532, one Trapnel, a martyr, was burned in a town called Bradford, in the County of Wilts." In the German language Trap-nil means No Deceit; and as Shrapnell, a family with which the Newsoms and Briggs can trace connection, is a corruption of Trapnel, the relationship is probable. The Shrapnells were manufacturing clothiers, at Trowbridge, in Wiltshire.

Many of the families whose names appear in the pedigrees resided in the localities with which their names are still associated, for many generations or centuries. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Newsoms were residing at Spofforth, Yorkshire, where a farm bearing the name of Newsom was probably the old homestead. The Fosters were settled at Ossett, near Wakefield; and the Harriotts at Brigstock, Northamptonshire, where the family had lived for 600 years, from the time of William Rufus. In 1835 a part of the town was called Harriott's End. The Dickensons were at Heaton, near Manchester, though the chief records of the family are connected with Northowram, near Halifax, where one of the family settled as Minister, in 1702. The Briggs and Flathers were established at Norwood Green, and the neighbourhood of Halifax. In 1893 there were Flathers' Coal-pits, at Norwood Green. The Reddishes lived at Maiden Bradley, Wiltshire, and the Tileys in the West of England, Sir Joseph Tiley being M.P. for Exeter in the reign of Charles II. The Bowdens were at Warminster

and Frome, in Somersetshire. The Williams family occupied their ancestral home, Cefnflnsydd, on the spurs of Cader Idris, in North Wales. The Toselands and Warmans were in Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire in the seventeenth century, and probably knew that family, the most distinguished of whose members was Oliver Cromwell. The Dees and Fowlers alone, of all the families with which we are concerned, were Londoners. One of the latter was a zealous Republican. He was posted as a sentinel at Aldgate when King Charles I. was being executed at Whitehall; "but, not being satisfied with Oliver Cromwell's assuming the reins of government by dissolving the Parliament, and after he had made a free declaration of his mind to the Protector, whom he disliked then as much as the late King, he quitted the military service, and lived and died at his dwelling-house, near the Maypole, East Smithfield." So runs the old record; and one can admire the sturdy British independence and outspokenness of the old Puritan. The families of Maude and Rhodes lived at Otley, on the Wharfe, in Yorkshire. A tablet in Otley Church to the memory of the great grand-parents of Sarah Maude, who married John Newsom Brigg, of Leeds, in 1828, reads thus: "Time cuts down all, both great and small. Near here lieth Mary, the wife of William Maude, who died Feby. 11th, 1759, aged 52. She was a faithful and obedient wife, and a loving and tender mother of 11 children. Buried with her 4 sons and 1 daughter. Also the above-named William Maude, who died Novr. 14th, 1762, aged 80."

At the root of our genealogical tree are the Shrapnells, and that one of whom we happen to have particulars is James Shrapnell. He was the son of Richard Shrapnell, clothier, of Trowbridge (born 1655, died 1730), and was born July 25th, 1683. The name of his mother, who died in 1718, was Margaret. From an interesting manuscript, written by James Shrapnell, some extracts may be culled. Inside the cover is written, "James Shrapnell, London, 1725." Then, after quoting Psalm xv. 1—3. "Lord, who shall abide," &c.,

follows: "O Lord, I stand in need (allways) of the assistance of the blessed Spirit, that I may keep Thy law." The journal that follows is headed thus: "Memorandums of God's goodness to me and mine, and some dealings of His providence."

"First, the love of God in Christ Jesus towards such a sinner as I am is very great, and calls for continual thankfulness. Also the footsteps of God's providence towards me is very wonderful, and calls for my greater dependence upon Him; yea, my sole dependence on Him alone."

He writes thankfully of recoveries from sickness and disease in the case of himself, his wife (née Hester Reddish, of Maiden Bradley) and his daughters, Margaret and Joanna, and his brother Edward's escape from drowning in the river Avon. On the death of George; he thankfully acknowledges the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Trade troubles were not absent even then. "In the year 1726, towards the end of it, November, the weavers about Trowbridge and Bradford (Wilts.) risen in great numbers, did some damage and was very troublesome for some time." He appears to have removed to London about 1718, to sell the cloth manufactured in the mill at Trowbridge, but to have travelled frequently backwards and forwards, on which occasions he expresses his thankfulness for preservation from accident. For example, "July 21st, 1727, went for Trowbridge, had a comfortable journey: while there my brother's maid was taken ill and died, and the town of Trowbridge very much afflicted with the small-pox, and was mortal. During my absence my family and habitation was preserved. I also had a safe and comfortable journey back. This is a great mercy." . . . "July, August, and September, 1727, was three months of general affliction in most Counties of England, and was very mortal in many places; during which time I and my family enjoyed good health. Oh, that I may have grace to be truly thankful for God's goodness to me and mine, so that it may appear in my whole life." The following month his wife also visited Trowbridge and Bristol, and similar gratitude is expressed.

We have frequent glimpses, both in these and the Dickenson records, of the awful ravages by small-pox in those days, which the practice of vaccination has since so greatly lessened. In the following year he records a very heavy storm of rain and hail in London, when "the water came down Aldermanbury much like a little river." In 1729 he appears to have lived in Basinghall Street. In July, 1730, in company with his son Richard, and his daughters, Margaret, Joanna, and Hester, he travelled in safety to Trowbridge, by way of Oxford and Blenheim, and writes, "I have wanted a heart more thankful for these mercies. Oh that a sense of my wants may, through grace, drive me to Him in whom all fulness dwells!" His brother Edward, who worked the fine cloth mill at Trowbridge, involved James in much extra anxiety on his death. He was his executor, and bought the business at a valuation, and appears to have put in his sons, James and Edward, to manage it. The former is our ancestor.

In these days of funeral reform, the account given in the Journal of Edward Shrapnell's obsequies may be interesting; it certainly shows that in this matter the former times were not better than these. "The management of the funeral was by his will left to his wife and me, and was done after the following manner. I invited most of the gentlemen and middling men of the town, which in general came; invited also all our near relations of both sides; was treated with beer, red and white wine, white gloves given to all. The six underbearers had good silk hatbands and gloves, the six pall-bearers received very good silk hatbands, rings of a guinea price, gloves and scarves. Two clergymen, Mr. Hussey and Mr. Thompson, had the same: two Dissenting Ministers, Mr. Graham and Mr. Lucas, had the same except scarves, at which distinction they was both very much offended." Edward Shrapnell left a widow and three young children (one of them posthumous), but two years later one daughter and the only son were carried off by small-pox. James Shrapnell remarks upon this, "Thus does God seem to us to be reducing

some families, while He builds up others: but just and righteous is He in all His ways." The following January his own daughter, Margaret, died, aged 27, and, referring to her, he says, "The frame and temper of her mind was very resigning to the will of God. I doubt not she is now sleeping in Jesus. I trust I and mine are the Lord's; and shall not God do with His own as He sees best for His own glory? and I trust it will always be the desire and choice of my soul that I and mine be at God's disposal. God has shown me that He can soon reduce my family also."

In May, 1736, a startling incident occurred, a baited bull rushed into the kitchen, at Trowbridge, and "ye doggs after him, but, through a kind Providence, no one was there." He and his family appear to have attended the Silver Street Meeting, at Trowbridge, and he makes memoranda of various sermons heard there and elsewhere. His Journal, in 1740, describes certain matrimonial negociations on behalf of his son James, when James Shrapnell offered to give his son £1000, but the young lady's father proved obdurate and it fell through, as well as another affair through the mother's death. This son, James, our ancestor, eventually married Maria Tiley, daughter of Joseph Tiley, barrister-at-law, and grand-daughter of Sir Joseph Tiley, M P. for Exeter. Their daughter, Deborah, married Rev. James Bowden, of whom much more anon. We find that for 23 years James Shrapnell lived more or less in London, but returned to Trowbridge for good in 1741. In the concluding sentences of his Journal he utters a prayer, in which all his readers may join; "Blessed Jesus, keep me from covetousness and every sinful way: make me to be in every relation what Thou wouldest have me to be. O dear Lord Jesus, help me that I may have grace and wisdom to live here becoming the gospel, and to be found doing the will of God." An interesting letter to James Shrapnell from Philip Doddridge, dated Northampton, Nov. 29th, 1750, is extant, which reveals a warm friendship between the two. It concerns the settlement of a pastor, and Dr. Doddridge says:

"I hope I have prevailed with Mr. Hewson to come to you. I pray God to give you a comfortable settlement, and to unite your hearts to Himself, and to each other. I shall rejoice to hear of the revival of religion among you." After the death of his wife, James Shrapnell was married at St. James' Church, Bristol, to Miss Sarah Reddish, of that town, by whom he had two sons, Richard Hieron and William Fisher Shrapnell. His daughter, Deborah, married Rev. James Bowden, Independent Minister, of Warminster, and had eight children.

The Rev. James Bowden, who married Deborah Shrapnell, was the son of a clothier, a pious and zealous member of Common Close Church, Warminster, in connection with which he was active at the time of John Wesley's visit to the town, in 1758, and was born December 3rd, 1745. His ancestors were persons of distinguished piety, especially his mother. He seemed consecrated from his birth, and when grown up could not remember a time when he did not prefer the things of God to those of the world. He joined Dr. Fisher's Church, at Warminster, when he was 15 years old. He and two brothers were being trained for the ministry at Western College, but his two brothers died while pursuing their studies. In 1767, when only 22 years of age, he became minister of the church at Fareham, Hants. On the 20th of June, 1769, he was married to Deborah, the daughter of James Shrapnell, of Trowbridge, who was born there in 1746, and joined the church under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Cross. In 1776, Dr. Wilton, the minister of Tooting Independent Chapel, having received a call to the Weigh-house Chapel, in London, recommended Mr. Bowden as his successor at Tooting. He was accordingly invited, and on the 15th September solemnly appointed to the pastorate of that Church, a position which he filled for 36 years, only retiring March, 1812. During his settlement at Tooting he founded the "Surrey Mission," a Society to carry the Gospel into the benighted villages of Surrey. It was incorporated with the "Surrey Union" about 1870. During this period also he was intimate with the

excellent men who constituted the "Clapham Sect," Rev. Joseph Hughes, of Battersea, Henry Thornton, the Banker, and others. He was also one of the founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was cradled at the house of Lord Teignmouth. A month after his retirement from the Tooting pastorate, after having evinced special fervour in prayer and study, he stood up to preach from the pulpit of his son-in-law, the Rev. Daniel Washbourn, at Hammersmith. After giving out as his text the passage, "Submit yourselves therefore unto God," he proceeded a short way in his discourse, when his voice faltered and he sank down under a paralytic affection, which was followed by apoplexy, and he died the following day, April 6th, 1812. His son Richard, who edited his "Remains," says he can with confidence appeal to those who had the privilege of his father's acquaintance, "in testimony of the extraordinary piety, habitual spirituality of conversation, dignified consistency of deportment, and unreserved devotedness to the cause of God, which through life so eminently distinguished him. The love of God was the element in which he lived. His "Remains" consist of "Some account of the Divine Dealings" with him, "A Fatherly Address, designed as a Legacy to his Family," a number of Letters, two Charges, and five Sermons. A Biographical Sketch of him is found in the Evangelical Magazine for 1812. So greatly was he respected, that at his funeral 60 coaches followed in the procession ; which stretched a mile or more, and was attended both by clergymen and nonconformist ministers. Dr. Winter, of London, preached his funeral sermon, and pronounced a warm eulogy on his character. His wife, Deborah, was a remarkably holy woman. Her grand-daughter, Harriet Eliza Newsom, remembered seeing her, rather stout and motherly, walking about the parlour at St. Albans, exhorting her to the study of the Bible. An earnest and affectionate letter of hers to her daughters is in existence. Her faith was great that all her children and grand-children would be saved, and in reference to them she

would say, "Not a hoof shall be left behind." In anticipation of her death, she wrote the lines:—

"Fix Thou the time: the time is fixed in the divine decree.
"Call when the time is fully come, and I will answer Thee."

She was seized with a paralytic stroke when at family prayer, at Hammersmith, January 27th, 1820, and when attention was drawn to her, as she did not rise, she said quietly, "Don't be frightened, my dears: its only my call come." She died at the age of 73, and an account of her is given in the Evangelical Magazine for 1820.

Some of her latest expressions on her deathbed have been preserved by her daughter, Mrs. Joseph Newsom. "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus: I feel that there is none. All is safe, all sure." "Jesus, my God, I know His name, His name is all my trust after now." "I could say so 50 years ago, and I say so now." "I am overpowered with the goodness of God." "Mine eyes have seen, and my hands have handled, and my soul has tasted, of His good Word." "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. I *shall* depart in peace: I know I shall, but not yet." "He is precious:—happy,—happy. 'I *will* be with Thee.' He will save me. Happy? yes: heavenly happiness." "You long to get home to your Father in heaven?" "I do, I do, I am very near home. I shall drink endless pleasures in." "You have a foretaste of heaven?" "I have indeed. That blessed interview, how sweet! We shall be like Him." "You can sing victory through the blood of the Lamb?" "Yes, I can, I can." "You have often said, 'Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.'" "Yes, I have, and He will receive me to glory."

The family of Rev. James and Mrs. Deborah Bowden numbered eight.

i. James Shrapnell Bowden, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Riddle, Esq., of Hull, by whom he had a large family; and, after her death, Diana Hance, who was born

1772, and died in 1866. He died in 1820. He had nine children, viz: 1.—James. A Hull whaler, who retired to Brussels and died there. He married his cousin, Harriet Riddle, and after some years of married life had two sons born, James, who married and had a family, and died of small-pox, and Thomas Riddle. 2.—Edward. He became an Independent Minister, and died of consumption, at Madeira. 3.—William. He married Margaret Anderson, of Edinburgh, and died in 1827. His widow continued to reside in Edinburgh with three daughters. 4.—George. He was very good, and was drowned in Hull Docks in 1824. 5.—Henry Ebenezer. He was a Deacon of Salem Chapel, Hull, and died of consumption. 6.—Samuel. He married, but had no children. 7.—Thornton. 8.—Eliza. She died in consumption. 9.—Maria. She was born about 1810, and died about 1873. She married Rev. William Boyce, Wesleyan Missionary in South Africa and Australia, and afterwards one of the Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. He died in New South Wales. They had four beautiful daughters whom Mrs. Boyce ably educated herself. MARIAN. Who married George Allen, of Sydney, Australia, afterwards knighted, by whom she had a large family. MARIA BOWDEN. She married Alexander McArthur, Esq., of Raleigh Hall, Brixton Hill, London, who became M.P. for Leicester. She acted as Lady Mayoress of London, when her brother-in-law, W. McArthur, Esq., was Lord Mayor, 1880-1. She has a large family. HARRIET ELIZA. She married James Stuart, Esq., of Australia, and has children. HELEN WILHELMINA. She married Rev. William Gibson, B.A., Wesleyan Minister in Paris, and has a large family.

ii. DEBORAH BOWDEN, who married Rev. Thos. Williams, of Bradford, Wilts. She had three daughters, DEBORAH, who married Mr. Killick, of Mitcham, Surrey; ELIZABETH BOWDEN, who married Mr. Collingbourne, of Market Lavington, Wilts., and died in 1865; and CORDELIA, who died unmarried in 1826.

iii. William Bowden, born at St. Albans, in 1773, married Margaret, daughter of Mr. Burne, of Hull, by whom he had one child, who died young. He was a hosier, in Market Place, Hull, and a very good man. He was called the "Holderness Missionary," because of his evangelical labours. He was connected with Old Fish Street Chapel, and his house was a nursery for young Christians. He died at St. Albans, Herts., March 5th, 1819. His wife was 15 years older than he, but lived 30 years longer, dying at Beverley, about 1840.

iv. Richard Bowden, who was born in 1766, was ordained as a Congregational Minister, August 15th, 1799, his father delivering the charge. He dates the Preface to the "Remains," which he edited, Islington, April 4th, 1818. He married Nancy, daughter of Mr. John Catlow, of Darwen, near Manchester. He was Independent Minister at Darwen, Lancashire, where his wife was drowned while fording a swollen stream. This was followed by a great revival, as related in Evangelical Magazine, 1830. He afterwards married Maria Humpheries, and was Minister at Holloway, London. He died in 1830. His niece, Caroline Newsom, saw him on his deathbed, and reports that after a spasm of great agony he composed and repeated four times the following lines:—

"How grateful the pleasure we feel
When pain is succeeded by rest!
It almost compensates the trial,
With which we before were oppressed."

The last words he said to her were: "There remaineth a rest, but not idleness: we shall have employment, work adding to enjoyment." He left an only son, Richard Catlow Bowden, born 1798, who married Miss Sevier, of Bristol, after 12 years' courtship. She was wealthy, but her brain was slightly turned by the alarm she experienced on the occasion of the bread riots at Bristol, as, from her home, she saw a large part of the city in flames. She had one son, Rev. James Bowden, M.A., who was successively Rector of Staunton, Worcestershire, Vicar of

Oatlands, Surrey, and Rector of Ardingley, Hayward's Heath. He married Miss Trenchard, an heiress, from Worcestershire, about 1864, who died about 1881, leaving him with a large family.

v. Sarah Maria Bowden, who was born July, 1775, and married Mr. Joseph Newsom, of St. Albans, Herts., November 4th, 1802, by whom she had five children. Particulars are given in the Chapter about the Newsoms.

vi. Elizabeth Bowden, born 1776, died 1793.

vii. Sarah Bowden, born January 10th, 1780, at Tooting, and married to Rev. Daniel Washbourn, of Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, October 2nd, 1798. He died November 10th, 1834, aged 63, at Hammersmith, where he had been Pastor of the congregation at George Yard Chapel, for 22 years. They had eight children, five sons and three daughters. She died at Chiswick, May, 1853. During the month before her death, she said, after a good night, "So He giveth His beloved sleep: I think that may be taken two ways; they are His beloved, and it is His beloved's sleep, His gift." Her daughter replied, "You are comfortable, you can rest, dearest, on the Rock, the promises of covenant love?" "Yes," was her reply: "imperfectly as I apprehend them; but *Christ* apprehends them." Another part of the day she said, "It is that *blessed* word of God: *that* is everything. It is as one says, 'The soul can hardly tell what it wants: yet give it anything besides, and it does not satisfy it.' I am sure I do most earnestly desire spiritual blessings above all things else. If I can but have Christ and His salvation, I can leave everything else beside." She was reminded of the promise, "I will never leave thee." "No," she replied:—

"Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where can I fly but to Thy breast?
For I have sought no other home,
For I have found no other rest."

viii. Thomas Bowden, born 1785, died 1795.

THE DICKENSONS

AND

HARRIOTTS.

One of the earliest of our known ancestors is the Rev. Thomas Dickenson, of Northowram, near Halifax. He is perhaps best known as one of the compliers of the remarkable "Northowram Register," which he continued for nearly 50 years, and which in 1881, was so ably popularized by Mr. Horsfall Turner, of Idle, near Leeds, from whom copies can be had. Mr. James Harriott, of Lombard Street, London, who married a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Dickenson, has left us copious accounts of the Harriott family, and also of the Dickensons, from which a long extract may be quoted. He was the youngest son of Roger and Hannah Harriott, was born in Dowgate Hill, London, February 16th, 1718, served his apprenticeship to the Cordwainers, became a Volunteer during the time of the Rebellion of 1745, and then continued the family history as follows:—"September 29th, 1746, I took a shop at the corner of White Hart Court, Lombard Street. September 29th, 1747, I married Miss Mary Dickenson, (the marriage ceremony was performed at St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf) the daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Dickenson, of Northowram, in the parish of Halifax, in the County of York, by Hannah, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Foster, Cloth-worker, of Ossett, near Wakefield, in the said County, where his ancestors had been resident many years. My father-in-law (Rev. Thomas Dickenson) descended from the ancient family of Dickenson, at Heaton, near Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, was born April 14th, 1669, and baptized the 24th of the same month, and educated for the work of the university. About the 25th year of his age, he was solemnly set apart to that sacred office, at Gorton, near Manchester, on Thursday, the 29th of March, 1694, by the laying on of hands, with fasting and prayer." (A copy of

the testimonial given on that occasion is here subjoined). "Whereas Mr. Thomas Dickenson hath addressed himself to us, Ministers of the Gospel in the County of Lancaster, whose names are here subjoined, desiring to be ordained a Presbyter, and he having given sufficient Testimonial of his diligence and proficiency in his studies, and unblameableness of life and conversation, and all exercises duly performed. These may testifie to all it may concern that upon Thursday, the 29th of March, we have proceeded to set him apart to the office of a Presbyter and work of the Ministry of the Gospel, by laying on of hands with fastfng and prayer, by virtue whereof we do declare him to be a lawful and sufficiently authorized Minister of Jesus Christ, to exercise his Ministry in any place where divine Providence may call him, and particularly at Gorton, near Manchester, for the present, exhorting the people in the name of Jesus Christ, willingly to receive and encourage him in the execution of the said office, that he may be able to give such account to Christ of their obedience to his ministry in the Lord, as may be to his joy and their everlasting comfort. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our hands this twenty-third day of March, in the Year of our Lord, 1694. Henry Finch, Moderator, John Chorlton, Scribe, Henry Newcome, Robert Eaton, Roger Baldwin, Samuel Augier, Nathaniel Scholes."

Mr. Dickenson must have continued at Gorton about eight years, for, on the death of that venerable man of God, Mr. Oliver Heywood, (who died May 4th, 1702, in the 73rd year of his age, in the house which he had built at Northowram, from which place he had been ejected in 1662, and adjoining a chapel where he collected a Church from among his old people at Coley and places adjacent) he succeeded to the pastoral care of the Church at Northowram, and purchased of the heirs of Mr. Heywood his late dwelling-house. Here he continued his ministerial labours with unremitting diligence and great success, till his death, December 26th, 1743, in the 74th year of his age. He was buried in the Chapel, at Northowram,

and the following is the inscription on the monument: "Underneath this monument lieth the body of Rev. Mr. Thomas Dickenson, a worthy Mimister of the Gospel, who was eminent and exemplary for Piety and Usefulness, he behaved well in all stations of life with meekness and universal charity. He was continued a shining light in this place 42 years, and died comfortably and much lamented the 26th of December, 1743, aged 74."

One of his printed sermons, and several in manuscript are extant, and breathe a fervent, loving, and devout spirit. The patience of his hearers must have been very great, though, one of them, preached at Leeds, November 28th, 1736, on the death of Mrs. Mercy Whitaker, filling 26 letter-sheets, very closely written. But by far the most interesting document that has been handed down, written in his clear handwriting, is addressed, "To my dear daughter, Mary Dickenson, in London," and is dated March 11th, 1731, when she was 14 years of age. As he refers in the introduction to the piety of her ancestors, and therefore, through her, to the ancestors of all for whom these records are designed, it shall be inserted nearly in full: "My dear child, in answer to your earnest and often repeated request, I have at last redeemed a little time from my other necessary and urgent occasions to transcribe the sermon which I preached in Ossett, September 18th, 1730, being the day that my dear and honoured father-in-law, your good grand-father, was brought to the grave, having finished his course in this world, in the 78th year of his age. The children and grand-children may and ought to esteem it a great and valuable blessing that they are the posterity of such as feared God, filled up their time and place in the world to good purpose, and were useful in their generation, who have set them a good example in all Christian graces and Gospel duties, given them many pious and serious instructions, and put up many importunate and earnest prayers to God for them. And very diligent and careful they should be to make good use and improvement of the good advice and example

they have been privileged with, else their sin will be highly aggravated, and their condemnation more great and dreadful than that of others; for the prayers and piety of religious parents and progenitors will not save their wicked posterity. See Math. iii. 8-10; Luke xiii. 28-29.

"The Providence of God has so ordered it that you and several of my dear Children are placed at a considerable distance from their parents; but though out of sight, you are not out of mind, but frequently upon our spirits in our applications to the throne of grace; so it should be a great satisfaction and comfort indeed, might we but see or hear of the grace of God in you all. None ever repented that they began too soon to seek or serve God, or that they did too much for Him . . . . . The God of heaven calls for and will graciously accept of your early services. 'I love them that love Me, says He, 'and they that seek Me early shall find Me': Prov. viii. 17. Some have observed that John, who is called the disciple whom Jesus loved, was younger when called and converted than any other of them. The God that made you is worthy to be served with the best of our time, parts, and strength. He desires the first ripe fruit. 'When Israel was a child, then I loved him,' says God, Hos. xi. i., My desire, request, and charge to you and all my children is that you look after the best things, the things that accompany salvation, now in the morning of your time: Ecc. xii. 1. Entertain and employ your early thoughts and time in the consideration of those weighty and important affairs which are of a spiritual nature, and which concern and relate to your everlasting peace. Consider that you have souls as well as bodies to be taken care of and provided for, precious and immortal souls, which are formed for an eternal duration. Why blessed be God, there is hope in Israel, a door of hope, Balm in Gilead, a Physician there; the hurt of your souls may be healed . . . . . Oh, be enquiring after this all-sufficient Saviour, and now you may have an interest in Him and His blessed benefits. Attend diligently on

the Word of God and be much in prayer to the God of all grace for grace to help in time of need. To his blessing and grace I commit you all, who am Your truly loving and affectionate Father. Thomas Dickenson."

The sermon sent along with this letter is 12 times as long as the foregoing letter, and it shows much loving consideration for the little far-away daughter's request, that so busy a man should secure time to copy it all out for her. It has evidently been carefully treasured. A few sentences shall be culled from it, as they refer to the character of Richard Foster, of Ossett, his father-in-law, and therefore one of our ancestors. "He feared God from his youth and above many, he excelled many others in gifts and knowledge, and God put an honour upon him in making him eminent in grace and usefulness too. He was a solid, judicious Christian, strictly pious and devout in his duty to God, and conscientious in his dealings with men. Though he lived a considerable time and had much to do with men and business, yet he hath left a good name, a fair character, behind him. Very careful he was to instruct his family in the things of God, keeping up religion and the worship of God constantly in his house, as well as attending diligently on public ordinances. He was an exceedingly kind and indulgent husband, a tender-hearted, affectionate father, a good master and useful neighbour, and I am persuaded he will be very much missed in this place, for there are few like-minded, so able and willing to lay out themselves for God. A great lover and honourer he was of good men and ministers of both denominations, Conformists or Non-Conformists, being ready on all occasions to countenance and encourage them . . . . But now he rests from his labours, and his good works follow him, in the blessed recompence and rewards of glory."

He left behind him a widow, four sons and four daughters. His widow afterwards removed to London, where she lived several years, departing this life at Clerkenwell, on the 28th

of July, 1765, in the 80th year of her age, and being interred at Bunhill Fields. (Her grandmother, Dame Foster, of Ossett, who died in 1709, had lived to be 95).

The Editor now resumes the extracts from Mr. James Harriott's Journal, which were interrupted in order to complete the account of Rev. Thomas Dickenson.

"July 26th, 1748. My wife was delivered of a daughter while I lived in Lombard Street, who was baptized at my own house by the name of Mary; the Rev. Mr. David Jennings performed the sacred office.

September 29th, 1748. Removed to the sign of the Three Crowns, upper end of Cheapside, in the parish of St. Michael le Queen, north precinct.

July 17th, 1749. A son was born, who was publicly baptized by the name of Thomas Dickenson Harriott, at the Meeting House in Staining Lane, by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Gibbons.

February 28th, 1755. Joined myself a member of the Church of Christ, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. T. Gibbons.*

December 11th, 1755. Sworn in Lieutenant in the Blue Regiment of the London Militia, Sir Joseph Hankey, Colonel.

February 22nd, 1763. Sworn in Major, on occasion of death of George the Second.

March 8th, 1768. Sworn in Lieutenant Colonel.

June 5th, 1767. Chose a Deacon to the Church of Christ under Rev. Mr. T. Gibbons.

September 29th, 1768. Removed to No. 79, Newgate Street.

January 18th, 1769. My daughter was married at Christ Church, Newgate Street, to Mr. John Newsom, Apothecary, in Cheapside, son of Mr. John Newsom, of Leeds, in the County of York.

July 1st, 1775. Appointed one of the Trustees of Mrs. Westley's Almshouses, at Hoxton.

* A Pulpit Bible presented to the Brighouse Independent Chapel by him is still in existence.

December 31st, 1778. Quitted my shop and trade, and introduced my son into the business thereof.

July 2nd, 1779. Chosen Master of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers.

March 25th, 1780. I removed to No. 8, Bagnio Court, Newgate Street."

Here this account of domestic events, recorded in the Family Bible, concludes. Mr. James Harriott died October 18th, 1783, aged 65 years. In 1894, this Bible was still in the possession of his grand-daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphries, of Bedford, the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Mead.

Should not the inherited privilege enjoyed by the descendants of holy and useful people be reverently recognized by them, and their obligation to follow their pious examples, and carry on and transmit the godly heritage, be acknowledged and acted upon through life? "Considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith. Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, yea, and for ever." Heb. xiii. 7, 8. R. V.

THE FAMILY OF THE NEWSOMS.

As a common ancestor of all the young people for whom this record is designed, I will write first of JOHN NEWSOM, the doctor, who lived for many years at the corner of King Street, Cheapside, London, the worthy son of a worthy father. He was born at Leeds, Yorkshire, November 8th, 1741, his parents being John and Lydia Newsom (née Atkinson), of whom some particulars are given in the account of the Brigg family. Having studied medicine, we find him, in 1761, Surgeon-mate on board the "Fox," East Indiaman. The account of the voyage, in his journal, abounds in interest. The vessel was safeguarded in its voyage by being accompanied by three other vessels, the "Plassey," the "Warren," and the "Holderness." They sailed in April, doubled the Cape of Good Hope in June, and reached Delagoa Bay in July. In August they were becalmed for a week near the islands Joanna and Mayotta, in the Mozambique Channel, but passed the Laccadive Islands on September 13th. At this period he became professionally very anxious, for malignant scurvy broke out among the soldiers and crew, and fevers contracted at Delagoa Bay. The vessels reached Madras on October 2nd, and sailed again for Bengal on the 24th. He gives many impressions of Hindoo life, but, besides professional notes, we have no journal till he passes Batavia and the Straits of Sunda, on June 12th, 1762. The amount of sickness that prevailed absorbed his attention for many months, but on the 23rd January, 1763, we find the "Fox" off the Cape of Good Hope, on her return voyage, and on February 23rd at St. Helena, where letters from his father awaited him. The islands of Scilly were neared on June 24th, and the voyage of two years and four months then soon ended.

On July 6th, 1763, he wrote a letter to his parents, addressed to Mr. John Newsom, out of the North Bar, in Leeds, York-

shire, of which the following is an extract. "Honoured Father and Mother, I have now the happiness of acquainting you with the conclusion of our voyage, and my safe arrival in London, where I met with a welcome reception from my uncle Outhwaite, Mr. Sagar, Mr. and Mrs. Godman and all friends. My uncle is exceedingly kind to me. Mr. Godman desired I would make his house my own. I, this morning, had the pleasure of receiving yours of July 2nd, and am very sorry to hear of your poor state of health. I hope to be down in Leeds in about one month, as soon aa the ship is cleared and paid off. I am, dear Father and Mother, your dutiful and most affectionate Son, John Newsom."

Shortly after this he became Assistant to Mr. Smith, Apothecary, Cheapside, London, and discussed with him the question of a partnership. On this subject his father writes him a letter, so wise and tender, and showing his own character so clearly, that it is here inserted. It is dated, Leeds, July 12th, 1765. "Dear Son John, I received your last, and am glad to hear you are well, and so well satisfied with your present prospect of partnership. You seem desirous of purchasing your freedom : at present it will cost a good deal of your money, and if you should die before you enter into trade it will be all lost. As to the freedom of the city, if they should summon or disturb you, then you may be obliged to buy your freedom, but not till then, I think; and as to freedom in the Apothecary's, you need not purchase while you are journeyman, without you had more plenty of money. You must take time for these things, and not expect to arrive at all the advantages at once, but by degrees be getting forward, by making slow and sure steps to preferment. I think it a deal of money you give Mr. Smith, and think he may give you time, and take it as you can pay it, without taking any interest for it. I have not any money to send you at present, but if you think you will be obliged to buy your freedom of the City soon, I will endeavour to send you a bill for £30, perhaps in five or six weeks. May send your answer by Mr. Todd, and

be sure and consider well what you do. You may soon lay out money, but not so soon get it again. Mr. James Burn uses his father very ill in sending for money and will not come down: I hope you have little acquaintance with him. I desire you would not. We are all, blessed be God, pretty well at present, as I hope these to find you and all friends in London. Your dear Mother, Brothers and Sisters join in love to you and all friends. I am, in haste, Your dear Father, J. Newsom. P.S.—If I have within judged or said anything wrong you must excuse me. I cannot direct you justly in the undertaking, only what I write is my weak advice and by way of caution, and that you may not be too hasty in your conclusions of anything. I hope and believe you are making use of Good Directions, praying for the blessing and grace of God to to be your Guide and Counsellor; and may be sure my weak petitions shall not be awanting for you at the throne of Grace, nor shall my hand shorten in giving you, nor none of my offspring, the very best of my assistance, for I am persuaded if I wanted it of any of them, it would be cheerfully administered. Let me have a letter by Mr. Charles Todd, the bearer."

A curious diary of John Newsom's ride on Horseback from London to Leeds and back is in existence, from which we learn that he started Monday, July 18th, 1768, rode through Barnet to Hatfield, which leads to remarks upon Lord Salisbury's mansion, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Masham, "who behaved to me with his usual politeness and good manners." After sleeping at the White Lion, he departed the following morning at five o'clock, and passed through Baldock and Stevenage to Eaton, where he copied some epitaphs in the churchyard. His second night was passed at the "Angel," Stilton, which, he says, "is too much like other things, its chief beauty consists in a handsome outside." The next day, as the early morning was wet, he delayed starting till six o'clock; near Stilton his mare fell down, but, he writes, "through the kind providence of God neither

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received any hurt." On this day he passed through Stamford, Grantham and Long Benington, and slept at the Duke of Kingston's Arms, Newark, where he "received very civil treatment." Thursday, July 21st, he breakfasted at Tuxford, and dined at Barnby Moor, where he received "very good usage, except from the old landlady, who seems to have grown rusty with old age." Thence he rode through Bawtry to Doncaster, where he spent the night. On the following day, Friday, his brother Leonard and cousin Thomas Upton met him and accompanied him to Leeds, where, he says, "I found all my friends well." After remaining 17 days, he started on his return journey on Monday, August 8th, "in company with my much honoured Father and my Uncle Outhwaite" as far as Wakefield. There they left him, and he went forward to Sheffield for the night, and had "second-hand sheets." Thence his route lay through Loughborough, Nottingham, Market Harborough, Northampton, Woburn, Dunstable, and St. Alban's. Only staying three nights on the way, he reached London on the evening of August 11th. His expenses are carefully recorded, and summed up as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Return Journey	1	7	6
Turnpikes, both ways	0	3	0
2/6 per Day for Mare	3	2	6
Expense from London to Leeds	2	2	0
	£6	15	0

His journey may have had reference to his coming marriage, for on the following January 18th, 1769, he was united in marriage to Mary, the only daughter of Mr. James Harriott, of 79, Newgate Street, at Christ Church, Newgate Street, he being 29 and she 21. For many years John and Mary Newsom lived at the south-east corner of King Street, Cheapside, and there 11 of their children were born. Six of them, however, died in infancy or childhood, and were interred in Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, where the grave can easily

be found, it being 50 one way and 100 the other. The religious character of John Newsom grew in strength with his years, and from the year 1773 to 1779 he kept a careful record of the sermons he heard, mostly at the Tabernacle, from Berridge, Rowland Hill, Toplady, B. Toller, Timothy Priestley, Dr. Gibbons, and Scott, and Kinsman, coadjutors of George Whitfield. After giving an abstract of a sermon, he adds devout remarks such as the following: "I am far from doing him (Rev. Mr. Knight) justice in my poor remarks. May the Lord be my Rock; may Jesus be my Saviour; may the Holy Spirit of truth lead me into all truth; and may I at last obtain that rest which remaineth for the saints of God. Even so, Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen." After a sermon on faith, he adds, "Lord, give me this precious faith." Again, "Glory be to God for the two excellent sermons I have heard this day. Amen." August 14th, 1774, on Joshua x. 12, by Rev. T. Priestley, "A most excellent sermon indeed. Glory be to God that He does send forth some faithful labourers into His vineyard. Surely no place is so highly favoured as the Tabernacle. May the Lord enable us to improve our great privileges. Glory be to God. Amen." October 23rd, 1774, after hearing Rev. Mr. Brewer's discourse on Deut. xxvi. 17, 18, he adds, "A very excellent sermon. May I experience the words of that text, avouch the Lord to be mine in the proper sense of the word, and may I be one of His peculiar people. Glorious privilege!" On the subject of the church triumphant, which shall sing the praises of the Triune God for ever and ever, he says, "Blessed be God, I don't much doubt but that I shall have that great honour." On "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," he writes, "May I have Stephen's faith in a dying hour, and, like him, cheerfully resign my spirit into the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen." Referring to his object in making such entries, he writes, "Want of time has prevented my entering the texts and heads of many sermons which I have had the pleasure of hearing. It keeps them fresh in one's memory and is very useful for promoting the life of religion in the soul.

Lord, make me a Christian indeed." The next entry may account for this want of time, of which he speaks. "Rev. Mr. Brewer, Nov. 26th, 1775, Psalm ciii. 3, 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases.' An excellent sermon, adapted to the occasion of a general illness which has prevailed, insomuch that very few escaped, called the influenza, and which the Lord has now, through His tender mercy, been pleased to remove in a great measure. May the Lord heal all our spiritual diseases." These extracts might be greatly added to, but they are sufficient to show the humble, devout, Christian spirit of the man. May everyone of his descendants inherit these lovely qualities, and share in the grace he enjoyed.

In 1780, the riots prompted by Lord George Gordon, took place in London, and Mary, the eldest daughter of John Newsom, who married William Brigg, of Leeds, was wont to tell her son, John Newsom Brigg, how vividiy she remembered the tumult and disorder produced in Cheapside, and feathers from ripped-up beds being thrown out of chamber windows into the street. Her brother Joseph used also to speak of this as his earliest recollection, being then only four years old. John Newsom continued to live in Cheapside till about the year 1790, drove a coach and pair, and was elected three times to the honourable position of Master of the Apothecaries' Company. The story is told of him that he once took his family to a pic-nic in Norwood, then a forest, where there were many gipsies. They paid a visit to the queen, and to deceive her, J. N. and another gentleman changed ladies and then asked her to tell their fortunes. Supposing them single, she spoke accordingly, and mentioned the wrong partners, thus proving that she was a cheat. In 1792 he retired to Highgate, where his 12th child, William, was born, 12 years after the rest. His wife's dear mother, Maria Harriott (née Dickenson), seems to have resided with them, and died at Highgate, August 7th, 1804, aged 87. After her death, the family, now reduced in number by marriages, removed to 3, Sebbin's Buildings, opposite Union Chapel, Islington, and there, Mary,

the beloved wife of John Newsom, died, November 1st, 1812, aged 63, four months only after the death of her dear daughter, Jane.

Her eldest son, John, then a carrier in the Borough, Southwark, wrote to her second son, Joseph, at St. Albans: "Dear Brother,—Yesterday, William and I went to Islington and found that the happy spirit of our dear mother had, about half-an-hour before we got there, quitted her earthly abode, and was gone, I doubt not, to enjoy the presence of her God and Saviour. Found our dear father much supported under his great loss. There is a pleasing reflection that the spirit of our dear mother took its departure on the Sabbath day; she began it on earth and then was removed to that world where Sabbaths never end, and where she will never be weary of praising her dear Lord and Saviour. I am happy to say the mind of our dear mother was more composed; she said towards the last, 'I have no distress, no joy.' In the last two days she was constantly employed in the exercise of prayer; she repeatedly prayed for an easy transmission, and the Lord granted her request. She continued sensible to the last, and resigned her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, without a struggle. It was her particular desire that there should be no funeral sermon for her, adding, with that humility for which she was so remarkably eminent, 'What can they say about me?' Though not a talking Christian, we know she was an active one, and I think a great deal might be said, but I believe there will not be one. I have only time to assure you, I am, yours affectionately, John Newsom.

Her son Joseph greatly revered the memory of his mother, and said in his old age that he remembered sitting on her knee and being taught the way of life so plainly and earnestly, that he went upstairs alone and prayed to God to save him.

Though there may have been no funeral sermon preached, we have the following remarks from the address delivered nine days after her death, by her son-in-law, Rev. Samuel Burder, from the passage, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

"We have now committed to the dust a relative unspeakably dear to us all, one highly and justly honoured for every Christian and social virtue, by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with her. We now take our last earthly farewell with expressing our desire, hope, and prayer that, possessing kindred spirits and partaking of the common salvation, we may meet in the kingdom of our Saviour and be for ever blessed in the fruition of His glory." Only one letter from Mrs. Mary Newsom is known to be extant, and it is written to her son Joseph, at St. Albans, and dated "Islington, May 14th, 1808." It chiefly refers to her little grand-daughter of five years of age, Lydia, the daughter of her son Joseph, who became the wife of Rev. James Sibree, and who was then on a visit to her. Towards the close there is an interesting reference to her little grand-son, John Newsom Brigg, aged six, the child of her eldest daughter Mary, the wife of William Brigg, of Leeds. She says, "W.B. (William Brigg) is in Ireland. I had a letter from Mary (Mrs. W. Brigg). They are all well except John, who is under Mr. Hey's care for a very alarming complaint in one of his elbows. It came on after a fever. They are apprehensive of very serious consequences. Various are the trials that await us in this world of sin and sorrow, but if they are sanctified then may we say—

'E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.'

The dear child desires love to Papa, Mamma, Maria,* Richard, and Caroline.† Your dear Father unites in tenderest regards to your own self, with, my dearest Joseph's affectionate Mother, M. Newsom."

Very serious consequences did indeed ensue upon this disease in the elbow of little John Newsom Brigg, as it was a stiff joint for all the rest of his long life. John Newsom, bereaved of his beloved wife, was cared for by a faithful housekeeper, Martha Unthank, and frequently received

* Afterwards Mrs. Hickson. † Afterwards Mrs. Sharp.

visits from his children and grand-children, till his death, May 13th, 1825. The six of his children who lived to maturity were the following :—

i. JOHN, born April 18th, 1773. He was never married, but was a kind, loving "Uncle John," who took his nieces, two at a time, to watering places. One of the two was always Harriet Eliza, his brother Joseph's daughter, afterwards Mrs. Walter Williams, who was his special favourite. He retired to Brighton, and there died, July 24th, 1837, aged 64.

ii. MARY, born July 10th, 1774. She married William Brigg, of Leeds, and was left a widow in 1813, with a large family, of whom John Newsom was her second son. She died October, 11th, 1846, aged 72. (See the history of the Brigg family).

iii. JOSEPH, born January 14th, 1776. He went to school at Rev. James Bowden's, at Tooting, for at one time he received a few boys to educate along with his own, and among them were John and George Clayton, who became eminent ministers in the Congregational body. There Joseph fell in love with his master's sweet, gentle daughter, Maria, whom in due time he married. From 1802 to 1806 they lived at Scarborough. Here, where an invasion by Bonaparte was dreaded, they were led by fear one night to take refuge in the cellar. After this they removed to St. Albans, where they stayed till 1823. Here Joseph Newsom became quite an evangelist in the district, and formed the society called "The Hertfordshire Union," the object being to carry the gospel into the benighted villages of the County. In 1823 he removed to London, to carry on the business of Tea-dealer in the Borough, Southwark, from which his brother John was retiring. He and his wife now threw in their energies at Surrey Chapel, under good old Rowland Hill, and the *family* continued identified with that hallowed sanctuary, until, under the pastorate of Rev. Newman Hall, the congregation removed to the handsome stone structure called Christ Church, in Westminster Bridge Road. Joseph Newsom, having been a

member at Surrey Chapel before going to live at Scarborough, his name was still on the church-roll when he returned to London, and Rowland Hill called on him to ask him to become a Trustee, to which he consented, and remained such till 1850. On one occasion he was driving with Rowland Hill, and when they reached Highgate Hill, one of the horses was restive. "Order, order, be quiet!" said Rowland Hill: and when Mr. Newsom remarked upon the singularity of the name, Mr. Hill explained the reason. "People say I ride upon all order and decorum," and I thought they should speak the truth for once, so named my horses Order and Decorum." A letter from Joseph Newsom to his daughter Caroline, dated Borough, August 20th, 1841, shows the catholicity of his spirit. He says, "That is an excellent sontiment of yours, and it is as true; 'we see the union of Churches is promoted by the scattering of its members.' If the farmer were to throw a whole sack of wheat into one square vault of earth, it would not produce any harvest; but let the grains be distributed all over the field, and his one sack will produce many more. Away with all the Sectarian nonsenses that shut up Christians into the *Vaults* of a *Denomination.* 'Let sects and parties fall, and Jesus Christ be all in all.' The holy saints above, I think, never mention such things. While here below they were compassed about with manifold sins and infirmities, as we unhappily are, and then they, as some do in our days, made a great noise, shouting out, 'I am of Paul; and I of Apollos; and I of Christ!' with what holy indignation does Paul ask in terrified astonishment, 'Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were ye baptized in the name of Paul?' . . . . 'For ye are yet carnal: for, whereas there is among you envyings and strife and divisions, are ye not carnal, and walk as men? Who then is Paul, and who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed? We planted, but God gave the increase.' Ah, there is no such nonsense talked in heaven. Let not such be any more named on earth. 'The disciples were called

Christians first in Antioch.' 'Tis a pity they ever were, or ever are, called anything else." These are sentiments which about that period were in the minds of many of the best men in the religious world, and which led to that grand manifestation of Christian love and union, the formation of The Evangelical Alliance, August 1846, when nearly 1000 Christian Ministers and gentlemen gathered together at Freemasons' Hall, London, to promote it. That these sentiments continued to dwell upon his mind is evident from a letter of his to his daughter Maria, dated "Chiswick, May 30th, 1843. Next Thursday is a day much looked to by all the anxious desirers for *the affectionate union of all Christians*. A meeting is to be held at Exeter Hall for that purpose, at 10 o'clock, doors open at eight. I am happy to say *our dear Pastor* is the Secretary pro tem., and who can be more fit (besides his own kind disposition and acceptable talents) than the minister of *Surrey Chapel*, whose motto ever has been, and we trust ever will be: 'Open to all parties: influenced by none.' Prominence in such a work well becomes the successor of that noble patriarch, Rev. Rowland Hill, whom Dr. Jameson has been pleased to call a *Bigot to Liberality*. Without sacrificing any peculiar views or opinions on inferior points, it is thought *all* Protestants of *all* denominations, holding the fundamentals of our holy religion, may unite in great schemes for extended usefulness. Many ministers and others of the Establishment and the various shades of dissent have signed their names as desirous of such a union. No doubt such a prospect has warmed the hearts and raised the hopes of thousands of real Christians, and drawn forth as many prayers for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, that our Lord's own prayer, 'That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee,' may receive its glorious answer and accomplishment. Some are even sanguine enough to hope and believe this is the Morning Star, the dawning of the blessed days of the millenium. God grant it may be so." As the condition of Mrs. Joseph Newsom's health would not admit of her living in the Borough during the winter

months, they were spent at Norwood, Holloway, or Chiswick; but they eventually retired to Wandsworth, where Mrs. Newsom died in 1850. Her husband died at Wandsworth, September 29th, 1851, aged 75.

iv. Lydia, born February 22nd, 1778, married Rev. Samuel Burder, D.D., and had several children, but only grand-children now survive, the descendants of the Rev. Alfred Burder, M.A., vicar of Oakley, two of whose sons hold honourable positions at Loughborough. Mrs. Burder was the most lively and witty of the daughters of Joseph Newsom. She died July 21st, 1856, aged 78.

v. Jane, born June 14th, 1781. She married John Jarvis, of Dunstable, and died June 17th, 1812, leaving one son, John, whose only surviving son, John, and two grand-sons, were living in 1894, at Pau, in the south-west of France. A brief account of Mrs. Jane Jarvis was published, from which we learn that she regarded the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, as her spiritual father. She joined the Church at Surrey Chapel, when about 17 years old. As her end drew near she was harassed by temptations, but when words of encouragement were addressed to her by her sister, "with an air of appropriating faith and triumphing joy, she lifted her arms, and exclaimed, 'For *me*! for *me*! for *me*! Blessed Saviour! My dear Redeemer, come, and take me home. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' In this happy frame she continued, repeating this last expression till nature failed."

vi. William, born March 9th, 1792, was for many years in the Bank of England, living at Islington. He married Eleanor Lear, sister of Edward Lear, the well-known writer and painter, but had no children, They afterwards lived at Leatherhead, in Surrey. He died December 18th, 1859, aged 67, and his widow survived him till 1885. He was a strong Calvinist, and, it is said, doubted if he should see John Wesley in heaven; but both he and his wife were excellent people.

All these children of John and Mary Newsom were eminently good Christians, as might be expected from such good parents and ancestors. The theology of the Newsoms seems to have been of a decidedly Calvinistic type, but it developed in them a strong powerful faith, high principle, and guileless lives. Everyone of their children had these characteristics, and glorified God in their generation. Joseph and Lydia (Mrs. Burder) were the merry ones, and kept all lively when seated together at the Christmas table. Mary (Mrs. Brigg) was sterner and more dignified. All the sons, John, Joseph, and William, were courteous, almost courtly.

We will now enumerate the children of Joseph Newsom, Tea-dealer, of the *Borough*:—

i. Sarah Maria Newsom, who was born September 23rd, 1803, and married Mr. Jas. Hickson, of Wandsworth, in 1846, but had no children. She died June 7th, 1886.

ii. Lydia Jane Newsom, who was born October 11th, 1804, and married, in 1832, Rev. James Sibree, who was an Independent Minister, at Hull, for 50 years. She possessed a sweet Christian character, but died in 1833, in giving birth to twins, only one of whom lived, Lydia Newsom Sibree, who married Henry Peters, of Snodland, in 1879.

iii. Richard Bowden Newsom, who was born January 23rd, 1806. He was married to Miss Mary Wright, at Christ Church, Blackfriars, by the Rev. Rowland Hill, and died at Keston, Kent, in 1880. Eight of their children grew up. Edward Bowden Newsom, who married Louisa Moore, and has six sons, Edward Wright, born 1856; Alfred Bowden, 1859; Herbert Moore, 1860; Percy Edward; Septimus Jones, 1865; and Leonard, 1867. Mary Louisa Newsom, who married James Russell, and had 12 children. Lydia Jane Newsom, who married Septimus Jones, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She died in 1865, leaving one daughter, Lydia N. Jones, who married Mr. Philpotts, at the Cape. Sarah Maria Newsom, who married William Livick, and has four

daughters and one son. Eliza Harriet Newsom, who married Benjamin Chote, and has nine children. Thomas Clark Newsom, who married Maria Smith, and has six children. Fanny Emily Newsom, who married William Bland, and has eight children. Emma Charlotte Newsom, born in 1848, who married Henry Davis, and had in 1883 two boys and two girls.

iv. Caroline Matilda Newsom, who was born August 10th, 1807, and was a very earnest and successful Sunday School Teacher for 50 years, namely, at St. Albans one year, at Kent Street, Southwark, for 24 years, at Wandsworth 11 years, at Surrey Chapel and Hawkeston Hall eight years, and at Brixton six years. As she has furnished interesting particulars of her life, with a view to the benefit of those over whom she has influence, it will be to the glory of God to give them permanent record. "In 1819," she writes, "Rev. Charles Hyatt and Rev. Ingram Cobbin came to preach Sunday School Sermons. While they were staying at the house of one of the Deacons, Mr. Hyatt said kindly to a little girl standing by him, 'You will be a teacher some day, will you not?' Then was struck a spark which kindled into a flame, never to die out. In May, 1822, she was received into the Church, and, as a lamb of the flock, was welcomed, and for two years was the youngest member. She well recollects how as a child of 14, she tried to prepare for her first Sunday class during repeated walks round the garden, and how earnestly the gooseberry and currant bushes were exhorted and talked to. When on the Sunday she was surrounded by a dozen girls as big as herself (the class of an absentee sister), she thought, 'Oh, how much easier to talk to the garden class!' and her courage well-nigh failed. The lady superintendent, however, said, 'We are not going to part with you': so a class of little ones was entrusted to her care. Then a determination was made, *never* to meet her children without speaking of *Jesus as the only way to heaven.* In June, 1823, her parents removed to the Borough of Southwark, and, on the second Sabbath,

Kent Street School was entered, and continued in for nearly a quarter of a century. About this time a few simple lines were written, and, as showing something of this youthful Teacher's mind, may not be superfluous, and will not be criticised.

"All faithful, prayerful teachers prove
They are by Jesus given;
To train His lambs, to tell His love
And so prepare for Heaven.

Is this the work to me assigned,
One day in every seven?
Then thanks to Him who me inclined
To rear a class for Heaven.

Exert, O Lord, Thy mighty grace,
Scatter the seed as leaven:
And bid the children seek Thy face
That we may meet in Heaven.

I know Thou art not willing, Lord,
That one from Thee be driven;
Then let me meet, oh, rich reward!
My class complete in Heaven."

"Ah, there were hallowed seasons sometimes in Kent Street School, amid the noise of several hundred children. One little corner felt the Spirit's power, as many living ones can bear witness; but some have fallen asleep in Jesus, who bore precious testimony to the above statement before they departed. About this early period Mr. William Jones, of the Religious Tract Society, the Superintendent of Surrey Chapel Sunday School, made this remark at a meeting of teachers, that when he began the work he made this resolve,—never to be absent from his class, unless he could lay his hand upon his heart and say, 'A greater duty has kept me away.' She then adopted this resolve as her own, and often found it useful when temptations to stay away were strong. It was her habit when a new scholar was given her to try to get that child to

engage to unite with her daily in asking God's blessing upon the instruction, and also to go home that first day with her, and in converse with the parents strive to enlist their co-operation. Another plan was successfully attempted and carried out with deep interest: the mothers and teachers met once a fortnight in their different homes on a week-evening, for reading God's Word and prayer for their children. How encouraging were such remarks as these, 'I can tell you, no sooner do we start our children off to the Sunday School, than my husband and I kneel down to ask God to bless them and help the teachers.' 'I have long prayed that my child might be in that class, and now she is in I'm sure He will bless her.' And He did. She joined the Church at 13. The prayers were heard, and large blessings came upon those young ones, and through them, we trust, to very many others."

The parents of Miss Caroline Newsom removing to Wandsworth, and no teacher being needed in the Congregational Sunday School, a new class was gathered by her, seven coming the first Sunday, 15 the next, and then 25 of all sizes and attainments. "Some of those," she writes, "we hope became children of God, members of the Church, and afterwards teachers, and one is now a minister's wife. Her husband was a teacher there, then a student at New College, and now a settled pastor in Lancashire. Others are in heaven, who testified in life and death to the reality of the change. Both her parents having died within 13 months of each other, at Wandsworth, after a happy union of 48 years, their daughter returned to London in 1858. The young women's class at Surrey Chapel, formerly Mrs. Sherman's, needing help for some months, it was supplied by her, and then a similar one at Hawkeston Hall, till 1865. Strength being weakened by the way, purer air was recommended, and Brixton was selected. However, not willing then to lay aside the harness, while any talent could be employed, on the second Sabbath, in her own parlour, eight young people accepted an invitation and a class was formed. In a few weeks the room was found

too small, and one was obtained at 8, Sussex Road. In time that was also overfull. Trinity Chapel was then kindly granted, till October, 1870, when the present Mission Room was offered and accepted. Of this Class very many have been lost sight of, but it has ever been the desire and aim of their friend to keep up a correspondence with them. For this end, in 1854, a letter was printed and, through many ways and means, 200 of them were thus reached. These letters brought back many replies, delightful and touching, and appear to have revived impressions, caused many tears to flow, and renewed affection and good resolves in not a few. Now the class is scattered world-wide, but all are known to, and cared for, by the Good Shepherd, to whose guardianship they are committed. But a meeting approaches, most solemn, decisive and final: teacher and children face to face! Oh, that it may be with joy and not with grief! to ascend *together* into the highest heaven, and there to stay for ever! The teacher will anxiously beg God's grace and eternal glory to be vouchsafed to all who have surrounded her and listened to her voice during this long, long period. But they must recollect it will avail nothing without their individual prayer and effort . . . . And now the instrument is well-nigh worn, though not tired out, and must very soon relinquish her loved employ. It is deemed desirable by her to see another in her place ere long. May one every way suitable, and richly endowed with the Spirit of God be sent, while the retiring one prays, 'Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord! Pardon what is hers, and accept what is Thine own, for Jesus' sake.'"

In 1877, Mrs. Sharp, desirous to benefit her young relations, printed the earnest and affectionate letter from the Rev. Thomas Dickenson to his dear daughter, Mary Dickenson, in London, dated March 11th, 1731, which is found in the account of his life in this book. Along with this there was an extract from the Funeral Sermon for Mr. Richard Foster, of Ossett, his wife's father, who died September 17th, 1730; and a fatherly letter from her own father to her, dated St. Albans,

May 12th, 1821. Her own letter, dated Brixton, August 10th, 1877, is as follows: "My dear Nephew and Nieces,—I have wished on this my 70th birthday to commemorate the event in some way that will do good after I have passed away. I should have liked much to have welcomed you all here, that out of a full heart I might have spoken earnestly, as to children who are daily prayed for, whose saving conversion is necessary far above all else, because you can then only be truly happy in time, and useful in your generation, glorifying God on earth, and ensure a meeting (oh, how blessed a one!) with a long line of ancestry already in heaven. As I cannot gather you all together as desired, I have sent you each the accompanying letters, carefully to read, ponder, preserve, and hand down to your own posterity. From the original manuscripts I have had this letter printed purposely for you. The letters are from those from whom you are descended direct. Your affectionate Aunt, Caroline Matilda Newsom Sharp.

"We can say with Cowper:—

> 'Our boast is not that we deduce our birth
> From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth:
> But higher far our proud pretensions rise,
> Children of parents passed into the skies.'"

v. Joseph Ebenezer Newsom, who was born January 14th, 1810, and married Mrs. Gilham, a widow, about 1850. She died in 1877. He was on two or three occasions Master of the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers. The closing years of his life were spent at Forest Hill, Kent, where he died, February 7th, 1890.

vi. Harriet Eliza Newsom, who was born at St. Albans, July 21st, 1813. She was married June 13th, 1844, at Surrey Chapel, by the Rev. James Sherman, to Walter Williams, the son of Henry and Anne Williams (née Toseland), who was born April 11th, 1814. He was an energetic man of business, and much interested in Christian work, being one of the first workers in a Ragged School. He lost his sight and suffered

from sclerosis of the spinal cord through overwork, but one utterance during those months of darkness is remembered; he quoted the lines:—

"Those mighty orbs proclaim Thy power,
Their motions speak Thy skill:
And on the wings of every hour
We read Thy goodness still."

He died July 14th, 1878, and his loving and beloved wife did not long survive; for long-continued attendance upon her suffering husband had established a disease which issued in her death at Vernon House, Brixton Hill, November 9th, 1880. In a sermon preached on the following Sunday by her Pastor, Rev. Newman Hall, he spoke thus of her:— "Though eminently characterised by womanly modesty and reserve, and often under the influence of a shrinking timidity she was never ashamed to confess her Lord, was ever ready to give a reason for the hope that was in her, had ever a word to speak in season when opportunity occurred. Especially the large class of mothers whom she regularly met every week, counselling and praying with them, will grieve the loss of one who was a true pastor and shepherd, watching for their souls, as one who would give an account of her stewardship. It was just a week before her decease that she met them for the last time. A more than usual solemnity and depth of feeling pervaded the little company as she referred to the closing scene of the life of a young lady, who, a few months after marriage, had just been carried off by consumption, and who had appealed solemnly and affectionately to her friends in bidding them farewell, asking 'Is Jesus precious to *you*?' This question she pressed home to these mothers of her class, and then prayed for and with them with great tenderness and fervour. That little company wept together as they knelt before the throne of grace, and our departed friend spoke to her children afterwards of the very special, and, as she trusted, Divine influence, which had been experienced. When the final seizure came on, there was no opportunity

for what is called a dying testimony, but there had been an unconscious testimony on the Tuesday preceding her death. She was speaking to a beloved relative of another whom she had just visited, of whom she said 'She says she has had a vision, and that she saw distinctly before her the Lord Jesus Christ.' I asked her what she said to Him, and she replied 'That she felt she had very much to say, but could utter nothing.' But I said 'Oh, if I were to see Him,' I should say, 'My Lord and my God!' The lady to whom this was said described to me the fervent clasping of the hands and the upward look, which rendered doubly impressive these words, which do so fully describe the habitual character of our departed friend.'" Mrs. Williams left seven daughters, the names of whom are given below.

1. Harriet Newsom Williams, who was born June 4th, 1845, and married, May 25th, 1870, John James Ridge (born April 3rd, 1847), M.D., B.A., B.Sc., B.S., Lond. They lived at first at Clapham, but afterwards removed to Enfield. There he wrote "The Temperance Primer," "The Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," "The Medical Temperance Dictionary," &c., and edited "The Medical Temperance Review." He became Physician to the London Temperance Hospital and Medical Officer of Health. Dr. and Mrs. Ridge have six sons: Walter Benjamin Knevit, born March 4th, 1871; Alan James, born November 3rd, 1872; Leonard Clayton, born April 16th, 1874, and married to Alice, daughter of Frederic Heather, September 30th, 1898; Theodore John, born October 31st, 1875; Edwyn Manners Ridge, born May 25th, 1877; Robert Leslie Ridge, born March 19th, 1880.

2. Alice Caroline Williams, born December 8th, 1846, married, October 13th, 1875, her second-cousin Rev. John Edwin Brigg, who was born February 27th, 1830, and was for 16 years Vicar of Hepworth, near Huddersfield. He was the Author of "The Philosophy of the New Birth," and

"Hearty Counsels," and also of a booklet, "For Thy Name's Sake." She fell asleep in Jesus, at Enfield, November 29th, 1896, and was interred in the Enfield Cemetery. Further particulars are given in connection with the Brigg family.

3. Eleanor Maria Williams, who was born April 20th, 1848, and married James Clark, Plate Glass Merchant, of Clapham, October, 1891. They have one son, Arnold Stafforth, born December 14th, 1893.

4. Maria Bowden Williams, born August 2nd, 1850.

5. Fanny Julia Williams, born January 29th, 1852.

6. Lydia Jessie Williams, born October 11th, 1853, married, August 7th, 1879, Frederick George Edwards, Professor of Music, born on the same day as his wife. They have two children, Winifred Jessie Harriet, born July 21st, 1880, and Evan Jelf, born December 31st, 1882.

7. Ada Florence Williams, born August 16th, 1855, married Alfred Scrivener Booth, September 22nd, 1881. Their children are Florence Alfreda Booth, born January 20th, 1883; Kenneth Williams Booth, born January 13th, 1885; and Reginald Scrivener Booth, born August 7th, 1890.

THE HISTORY OF THE

FAMILY OF BRIGG,

PARTICULARLY IN ITS CONNECTION WITH THE

FAMILY OF NEWSOM.

1. Joseph Brigg, the son of Joseph Brigg, of Norwood Green, had one son, William.

2. William Brigg (1), married Hannah Flather, and had seven children: William, Mary, Hannah, Grace, Ann, Thomas, Elizabeth.

3. William Brigg (2), married Mary Newsom, and had nine children: William, Mary, John Newsom, Hannah Maria, Harriet, Eliza, Alfred, Emma, Lydia.

4. William Brigg (3), married Catherine Barrett, and had three children who attained maturity: William Henry, Mary Ann, and Sarah Jane.

5. John Newsom Brigg, second son of William Brigg (2), had seven children, John Edwin, Sarah Harriet, Arthur, Oswald, Eliza, Maria, Julius.

6. Alfred Brigg, third son of William Brigg (2), had four children who attained maturity: Mary, Matthew Alfred, Thomas Stephenson, Edward Newsom.

From Memoranda of Recollections of early history, written by my father, John Newsom Brigg, I take the following: "In Lady Lane, Leeds, there is a short street branching off from the East side, called St. John's Square. At the further end of it there are four houses, which have at some time been painted red. They are low as to elevation, but originally stood relatively higher than they do at present. In two of those houses *my two Grand-fathers*, William Brigg and John Newsom were born. My two *great Grand-fathers* were Joseph Brigg and John Newsom.

Joseph Brigg was the son of a Joseph Brigg (a merchant of Leeds, who was born at Norwood Green in 1688). He became an officer in the army. He retired on a pension, and resided as stated above, in St. John's Square, Lady Lane. He was one of the contributors to the erection of the first Methodist Chapel in Leeds, and died March 11th, 1790,* leaving a son, William,† who became a merchant, and who married for his first wife, Hannah Flather, of Northowram; and for a second wife, Susannah, the widow of John Hodgson, of the Crown Point Oil and Soke Corn Mills. The latter died at Liverpool, aged 86 years.‡

John Newsom was the son of John Newsom, of Spofforth, and was born January 11th, 1704, and died June 19th, 1770. He was a Rope-maker, and his second son, Leonard,

* He was a Class Leader in the Methodist Society, and his well-thumbed Hymn-book is still in existence.

† Born March 11th, 1738 or 1739.

‡ She died June 15th, 1828. She was a member of the Methodist Society upwards of 60 years; during the whole of which time she adorned her religious profession. Under the infirmities of declining life, she was graciously supported, and in death she possessed a strong faith in her Saviour, and a certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

carried on the business after his death, in North Town End, until he retired from it in favour of Timothy Greenwood. My grandfather was his fourth son; he was born Nov. 8th, 1741. He entered the Medical profession, went to the East Indies as Surgeon on board of an East Indiaman, and eventually settled in London, in Coleman Street; and also in partnership with a firm of Apothecaries at the corner of King Street, in Cheapside, under the firm of Smith, Chandler, and Newsom.

I have heard my mother speak of witnessing the tumult and disorder in Cheapside, produced by the Riot headed by Lord George Gordon; and seeing the result of feather beds ripped up, and the contents poured out of chamber windows into the street. My grandfather Newsom was elected three times during his residence in London to the honourable position of Master of the Apothecaries' Company, and in his mature years retired first to Highgate, and subsequently to Sebbon's Buildings, Islington, where he ended his earthly relationships, May 13th, 1825. During his residence at Highgate, my father married his eldest daughter.*

* The marriage was celebrated at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, June 20th, 1797. An interesting letter from Benjamin, the son of the Rev. Thomas Dickenson, who married the youngest sister of William Brigg, Jun., to Mrs. Brigg, Jun. (née Mary Newsom), is extant. It is dated:—"Halifax, 20th July, 1797. Dear Niece,—The relation in which I stand to you calls upon me at this time to address you by a few lines, sincerely to congratulate you and Mr. Brigg, on the connection lately taken place, and heartily to wish you and him a sanctified use thereof, and that you may be mutual blessings and comforts to each other so long as you are continued together in this life; and I need not inform you the likeliest way to obtain these is to begin the world in the good ways of God, and constantly to live as under the influence of His all-seeing eye. I knew the great grand-father and great grand-mother of your spouse very well, used to be constant attenders of my father's ministry so long as they lived, although their place of residence was nearly three miles distant from the Chapel, at Northowram. I hope you and he will accompany each other in the good old way, which (through grace) will assuredly bring you to heaven and

When I was born my grandfather, William Brigg, and my father, W. Brigg, Junior, lived in two adjoining houses in Meadow Lane, where their cloth-finishing premises were. (Across the high road opposite these houses was a tenter-field belonging to, or rented by, Mr. Buckton, a cloth merchant). At this time they attended the ministry of Edward Parsons, at Salem Chapel, in the forenoon, and the Methodist Chapel in the evening, there being at that time no forenoon service in the Methodist Chapel. So early as the year 1802 my grandfather and father bought the estate at Carlton Hill, occupied by a Mr. Smallpage, newly fronting the larger house and adding to it a bow-window and kitchens, and converting into a dwelling-house the adjoining premises, which had been used as bricklayer's shop, shed, &c. The cloth-dressing portion consisted of a packing shop, with stock room over it, raising shop with cropping shops over them, and press shop with cropping shop over it. The presses used at this time were what were called Stang Presses, of which there were about six, to which were added at a later period three or four Screw Presses. The tenter-field was in front of the buildings and extended about 70 yards in length, and there were about eight rows of tenters.

I was a babe in long clothes, when I was transferred from Frogland, or Meadow Lane, to Carlton Cross Hill, in Woodhouse Lane. The name of Carlton Cross Hill was given to the place when the country people were afraid of entering the town because of a fatal epidemic, and the inhabitants met them at this spot to exchange their money for butter, eggs, &c., passing the coin through a trough of water to prevent infection. This trough was found in making an excavation on the

everlasting glory. My dear wife joins me in best respects to Mr. Brigg and yourself, and likewise to my very old acquaintance, Mrs. Brigg and her spouse, and when convenient we shall be very glad to see you both at our little cottage, which is erected since you was here. I remain, dear Polly, Yours affectionately, Benj. Dickenson.

P.S.—Our love to Joe and Lydia, whom we shall be glad to see here, likewise the family in Hunslet Lane."

premises, and was for many years used in the business for the purpose of wetting cloth previous to the process of raising the pile by the use of teazles or wire cards, but was cracked and destroyed by a workman making a fire in it to melt the solder used in plumbing work. A shrubbery adorned the side of the estate nearest Woodhouse Lane. At the south-east portion of the estate was a kitchen garden, which was a favourite resort when fruit was ripe; and still further to the east of this garden was what was called the Low Field, which extended to Windmill Hill, the footpath leading from Upper North Street to Pleasant Dairy. I just remember the dismantled windmill, which had ceased to perform its designed purpose, which stood in the field at the top of the hill, when I used to go to the Rev. C. Langdon's school, then held at his residence at the bottom of Wade Lane, and near the Old Hall which had been inhabited by General Wade. Among my school-fellows, at Mr. Langdon's, I remember Benjamin and Ayrton Gatliff, John and Frederick Lapage, Thomas Fardeley, Frederick Wigglesworth, and Thomas and E. S. George. James Nichols was a teacher, who subsequently became a bookseller and printer in Leeds, and afterwards in London. I remember a little incident connected with my going to Mr. Langdon's School. I suppose I had transgressed, although I cannot remember in what way; but as a punishment I had been put in a dark closet, and as I was resolved not to be soft and cry out, I was left in the closet when the school was dismissed for dinner. My father and mother, surprised that I did not turn up at dinner-time, sent a messenger to enquire if I had been at school, and if I had been duly released. On the enquiry being made a search was commenced, when it was found that I was still in the closet, unhumbled and unsubdued. About the time I went to Mr. Langdon's school some"—

Here this interesting narrative abruptly ends: it had been commenced too late in life, and the task of writing was found a weariness. Shortly before retiring from business,

however, the Editor's father had been led to interest himself in family pedigrees, and while living at Garforth, continued to pursue his investigations and record their result; so that material was thus prepared for the work now taken in hand.

The great great grand-father of the present generation of Brigg, was JOSEPH, who lived in Lady Lane, Leeds, and was a Class-leader in the Methodist Society. He had one son, WILLIAM, who was born March 11th, $173\frac{8}{9}$, married Hannah Flather, of Northowram, and had seven children by her. She died March 14th, 1801. After her death, he married Susannah Hodgson, whose former husband was a Corn Miller at Leeds. She died at Liverpool, at the age of 86, June 15th, 1828, having been a member of the Methodist Society upwards of 60 years. Nothing definite has come down to the Editor about the character of the first William Brigg, who comes into this narrative. He exchanged this life for immortality and happiness, June 21st, 1810, when the Editor's father was only eight years old. His children were WILLIAM, of whom an account follows: MARY, who married George Cobb, and had 10 children: she died November 30th, 1837. Their descendants live in Iowa, U.S.A., and New South Wales. HANNAH, who lived in Providence Row, died single, February 16th, 1844. GRACE, who died single, June 5th, 1826, at 54. ANN, who died young. THOMAS, who died young. ELIZABETH, who married Benjamin, son of Rev. Thomas Dickenson. They had one child, who died in infancy.

WILLIAM BRIGG, THE SECOND.

WILLIAM, the oldest of the children of William Brigg, was born August 18th, 1763, and married Mary, the daughter of John Newsom, Apothecary, of London. He was associated with his father as a merchant, and died July 25th, 1813, aged 49 years. His widow survived 33 years, and brought up her large family of nine children respectably, and in the fear of God. Her last years were spent in Grove Terrace,

Leeds, and the family attended Brunswick Chapel. The pastoral visits of such ministers as Rev. Richard Reece and Rev. George Marsden were highly valued. In her later years she was generally seen netting a curtain, a polished granite egg being used as a weight. Her appearance and bearing inspired more respect than affection in a child. On the occasion of her death, her brother, Joseph Newsom, wrote from Chiswick: "I bless the gracious Lord, who favoured her with such an uninterrupted calm and steady peace in believing for so many years. I well remember her joining the Church at Surrey Chapel. I believe she had a gratification which tended very much to the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity, similar, I think, to what I may indulge in like circumstances, namely—the great privilege of having been spared to see *all* her children, and some of her grand-children (as St. John expresses it in 3rd Epistle, 4th verse), 'walk in the Truth.'" She died October 11th, 1846, aged 72 years. The children of William and Mary Brigg who grew up to maturity were William, Mary, John Newsom, Hannah Maria, Harriet, Eliza, Alfred, Emma, and Lydia; and of them I will now proceed to give an account.

William Brigg, The Third.

i. William, was born August 3rd, 1798, and married Catherine, daughter of John Scarr Barrett, March 3rd, 1829; by whom he had seven children. After her death, which occurred October 9th, 1845, he married his cousin, Lydia, younger daughter of the Rev. Samuel Burder, D.D., author of "Oriental Literature," who survived him. He lived for a large part of his life in the family home, Carlton Hill, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, which has since been pulled down; and died July 22nd, 1878. His children who grew up to maturity were William Henry, Mary Ann, and Sarah Jane.

1. William Henry, born December 3rd, 1829, married his cousin, Sarah Ann, third daughter of George Crowther,

of Churwell, September 8th, 1853. After a business career of over 20 years, during which he was diligent in Sunday School and evangelistic work, he was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon, at St. Augustine's Church, Wrangthorne, Leeds, of which he became curate. During the last years of his life he was vicar of Oakworth, near Keighley, where his earnest ministry and devoted labours proved a great blessing. He died July 29th, 1878, aged 48, and was interred in Adel Churchyard, the Rev. Canon Jackson, of St. James's, Leeds, officiating. He had nine children.

(1) Catherine Mary, born June 29th, 1854. (2) George Crowther, born February 18th, 1856. (3) William, born May 22nd, 1858. Having obtained a scholarship at the Leeds Grammar School, he matriculated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree. He settled as a Solicitor at Harpenden, Herts., and has three sons. (4) Charlotte Elizabeth, born April 12th, 1860. (5) Margaret Annie, born October 24th, 1861. (6) Jessie Helen, born September 6th, 1863. (7) Henry Arthur, born November 13th, 1865, who died December 11th, 1885. (8) Emmeline Louisa, born August 21st, 1867, who died December 27th, 1868. (9) Sarah Amelia, born January 14th, 1870.

2. Mary Ann, born August 7th, 1835, who died unmarried, at Reginald Terrace, Leeds, January 13th, 1890.

3. Sarah Jane, born November 24th, 1841. She married Rev. William Wilson, Wesleyan Minister, and died at Heckmondwike, March 10th, 1874, leaving one son, John Falkingham, born August 14th, 1872.

ii. Mary, born October 3rd, 1800, and died June 2nd, 1866, at East Retford. She married Rev. John Wilson, Wesleyan Minister, by whom she had two daughters, Eliza, born December 19th, 1839, who died in 1885, and Lucy Ellen, born February 8th, 1841.

iii. John Newsom Brigg, born February 18th, 1802. He was married at the Leeds Parish Church, October 8th, 1828, to Sarah, daughter of William Maude, Banker, Otley, and Harriet, his wife, who was born January 17th, 1800. In consequence of the untimely death of his father, he was taken early from school and put to business, the firm being Smith & Brigg. When Mr. William Smith left the concern and became a competitor, William and John Newsom Brigg had great difficulties to struggle with, and a critical stage was reached early in their business career, when, having received a large order for China Cloths, the price of wool rising in the meantime, when the goods were received from the country manufacturers they were found inferior to sample. No other course was open, however, but to deliver them to the London House. When the buyer examined them and found them not equal to sample, he was very angry, and in his passion swore at Mr. J. N. Brigg and threatened to return the goods upon his hands. He was very much agitated and depressed, and on laying the matter before God, the passage of Scripture found in Job xv. 15-27, was powerfully applied to him to stay his mind upon. Nothing was heard from the firm for a month, when, on his calling upon them again, he learned that the buyer who had fallen foul of him had been taken seriously ill shortly after, and that the necessities of business had led to the appropriation and use of the entire consignment. This event was not made known by Mr. Brigg to his eldest son until he was an octogenarian, but the impression it made when it occurred was such, that when he wrote his own epitaph he alluded to it: "Having verified and realized the Divine assurance of 50 years ago, recorded in Job v. 26: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Sarah, the wife of Mr John N. Brigg, died at the residence, Carlton Hill, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, November 14th, 1865, aged 65 years. Paralysis having occurred, "she suffered no pain—she realized no grief—daily life

had been daily preparation. The tabernacle gradually gave way—and she passed most peacefully into the spirit-world."

During the greater part of his life Mr. John Newsom Brigg was in partnership with his elder brother, William, as a Woollen Cloth and Shawl Merchant, his brother's son, and his own eldest son being joined in partnership with them in 1857. But as age advanced infirmities increased, and he retired from business, and for the last 13 years of his life lived at Garforth. Here he employed himself in versifying the Book of Psalms, and putting into rhythmical form the Book of Job and the Book of Proverbs, lending occasional help in various forms of Christian work. He was so gentle and affable that little children delighted to be in his society, and when over 80 years of age little folks came knocking at the door to ask if Mr. Brigg would come out and play with them. On his eightieth birthday he wrote the following:—

MY EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

LIFE'S frail tenement is failing,
Dimly glow the orbs of sight;
Roseate hues are slowly paling—
Augury of hastening night!

Manhood's energy is drooping,
Noontide wanes to quiet eve,
Mortal ills are sadly grouping—
Nature yearns for rest's reprieve.

Earthly interests are fading,
Autumn leaves becoming sere;
Clouds and gloom are now pervading
Skies but lately bright and clear.

I am weakening—I am dying—
Life is tending to its close;
Soon the "mortal" will be lying
In the sepulchre's repose.

I shall then be calmly sleeping—
  Safe in Christ's enfolding arms;
Soul and spirit in His keeping,
  Freed from foes and false alarms!

Waiting restoration—waiting
  Judgment's solemn trumpet-call;
Life in death anticipating,
  God in Christ, my "all in all."

He died February 8th, 1884, and the following paragraph about him appeared in the *Leeds Mercury*:—

"Death of Mr. John Newsom Brigg.—An old Leeds merchant has just passed away, at the ripe age of 82, in the person of Mr. John Newsom Brigg. Of blameless life, Mr. Brigg was much respected by all who knew him. In Leeds, his late residence was Carlton Hill, but his health failing in 1870, he removed to Garforth, and there won many friends, whose delight it was to listen to his wise and fatherly counsels. The Benevolent Society, the Guardian Asylum, the Leeds Town Mission, the Young Men's Christian Association, and kindred Societies had in him a zealous worker. An intelligent and devoted member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and with a large sympathy for all Christians, his labours were most abundant for the spread of vital religion. The young were the especial objects of his solicitude, and his work in the Sabbath School in Leeds, during a long life, abides to-day, and will live. As a Trustee of Oxford Place Chapel (the last survivor of the original trustees), his devoted services were justly held in high esteem. Mr. Brigg was interred in Woodhouse Cemetery on Wednesday, a large gathering of friends and co-workers testifying by their presence to the loss they had sustained, and their sympathy with his relatives.

All his seven children survived him except his eldest daughter, who died in South Africa in 1865.

His descendants and friends will be glad to have a few specimens of his poetical compositions.

MAN

Lo! Matter, Life, and Mind,
A Trinity, combined
In a form of earthly mould,
Deity in type to shrine!
Who can compass, and unfold
All the mystery Divine?

The creature may not scan
The purpose, or the plan:
Ere the Eternal Spirit stirred
Prime Eternity's still sea;
Ere the life-creating Word
Summoned all that is, to be.

In solitude divine,
Did Deity design,
And project the wondrous scheme,
To reveal Himself in Power,
Wisdom, Truth, and Love supreme,—
Godhead's ample glorious dower!

The void and formless, heard
The all-creating Word:
Lo! the Infinite of Space,
Pregnant by the Will divine,
Launched upon their aery chase,
All the orbs that round us shine!

The darkness heard and fled;
And Life, from Chaos bred,
Signalized the Word Divine,
Answering the powerful call;
Deity's undoubted sign,—
Source, and Light, and Life, of all!

But not in verdant Earth,
Nor aught of soulless birth,
Could the Almighty Maker find
One to whom He could appeal,
Instinct with immortal mind;
And Himself as God reveal.

To Man, with Mind and Soul,
To comprehend the whole,
Deity Himself made known,—
Held with him communion high;
Man, the Godlike, Man alone,
Heir of worlds beyond the sky!

O! mystery Divine!
To make a mortal shrine
Luminous with heavenly Light—
Instinct with immortal Love—
With Divine resemblance bright,
Heir of endless Life above!

GOD.

WHAT mind can compass God? what eye
The Majesty Divine descry?
Author of Life! and Fount of Love!
In Earth below and Heaven above!

Light is the curtain round His throne!
Justice His seat, and Truth His zone!
Eternity His day! and Space
The platform of His power and grace!

LIFE.

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle."
"I have cut off, like a weaver, my life."
Job vii. 6. Isaiah xxxviii. 12.

LIFE is a warp of varying hue,
Mind is the weaver's hand;
Will is the shuttle, swift and true,
Weaving what thought has planned.

Thus schemes, desires, and acts are seen,
Woven in mingled change;
The web of life, in sheen and teen
Is wrought in fancies strange.

For man's pursuits are wild and vain,
Correct, capricious, wrong,
As impulse threads the changeful skein,
The warp of life among.

Blue, truth's own symbol, meets the sight,
Edged by pacific Green;
Next Golden threads, in Love's pure light
In Amber radiance seen.

Then fiery Red, like ardent flame,
Melts into Purple dye;
As near it lies to Truth's high fame,
And greets the longing eye.

Thus Rainbow-hues, in radiance bright,
Mingle with deeper shades;
Although the beautiful to sight,
Alas, too quickly fades,

And nerveless skill, and slothful toil
Fail to complete design;
And Falsehood's worthless colours spoil
Whate'er they intertwine.

How will our web of life appear,
Before a sunlit sky?
From flaw and imperfection clear,
When scanned by God's own eye?

The boon of God's approving smile
Will be our rich reward:
Our joy to find in rest from toil
The joy of Christ our Lord.

THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

"St. Mark xii. 41-44."

To Salem's hallowed fane repair,—
Divine compassion lingers there;
And joys which purer natures know
Within the blest enclosure flow.
There Israel's myriad vot'ries bring
Their costliest gifts to Zion's King—
There Jesus walks: lo! seated now,
Mild majesty adorns His brow;
Each heart's deep thoughts and motives lie
Unmasked beneath His glancing eye!

Wealth, Affluence, and Plenty pour
Into the ark their ample store;
Not unobserved—for Jesus knows
When Love in gushing fulness flows!
But, midst the multitude, who wait
For heavenly love at Zion's gate,
And pant to emulate the throng,
Who raise the temple's choral song,
One meek and humble woman stands
In silent woe,—her pale thin hands
Are firmly clasped,—a tearful sigh
Betrays her inward grief,—her eye

Is upward turned,—that solemn vow
Is heard in highest heaven,—for now,
Sustained by faith, she ventures near,
Wipes from her cheek the gushing tear,
And offers at devotion's call,
Her sole two mites,—the widow's *all*!

Hark! Jesus speaks,—the chosen band
Who own Him Lord, around Him stand;
And Truth Divine the verdict gives,
Which still in sacred record lives:
"That widowed one hath offered more
"Than all who throng the temple floor;
"They of their *wealth* a *part* bestowed,—
"From grateful hearts the bounty flowed:
"But *all* she *had* she *gave*." Wouldst thou
Her honour share? act like her now.

LINES WRITTEN
ON
A VISIT TO PARLINGTON LAKE,

AT 3 A.M., ON WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 28TH, 1871.

AT rest was human life, in sleep's repose;—
Night had not wholly fled;—the rising day's
Suffusing light did not as yet disclose
Its myriad tints, nor wake the vocal lays
Of woodland minstrelsy in liquid songs of praise.

Day-spring just hid the stars; before the light
Of solar-blaze, abashed, all had retired;
Behind the mountain tops the sky was bright
And augury of noontide glory fired
The kindling air, and all its feathered tribes inspired.

The nightly dews their ministry of grace
Had scarcely closed, when, from the sky above,
And woodland dells, the canopy of space
Rang with the songs from sylvan glade and grove,
And filled earth's wide champaign with music and with love.

The thrush, the blackbird, and the crooning dove,
The chaffinch, bunting, lark, and linnet, joined
Their notes,—profuse of melody and love,—
And in a choral symphony combined
To greet Aurora's dawn, and praise the Eternal Mind!

Can songs of joy from meadow, wood, and sky,
Be emblems of the rapture they enjoy
Who, in the LAMB's pure light, and radiant eye,
In *His* high praise their lofty powers employ,
Whose smile gives ecstasy to sainted souls on high?

Are there analogies to us unknown?
Are the hearts aspirations heard above?
Do angel-instincts vibrate to the tone
Of sacred harmony and Christian love,
And holy musings *here* Heaven's golden harp-strings move?

The widow's sigh, and orphan's tear,—do they
Affect the sympathies of angel-minds?
And modulate the pure melodious lay,
As love expands the soul, or pity finds,
In ministries of grace, how harmony unwinds?

And childhood's wild, outgushiug burst of joy;
And crownèd love of newly-wedded pair;
Do they not themes for seraphim supply—
Intensify the bliss the sainted share,
Who wear the starry crown, and palms of conquest bear?

Ay! Heaven is linked to earth; the pulse of life
Responds, and beats where'er the Grace Divine,
In mystic throbbings, circulates,—for rife
With joy and love is every holy shrine
Where life immortal dwells, and glows the lambent sign!

Be mine immortal love to realize;
My faith a habit—not an outward sign,—
Linking the soul to God, from whom supplies
Of grace shall flow, the sinful to refine,
Till, meet for Spirit-life, I share the Life Divine.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

SWEETLY solemn is the hour
Of the promised Spirit's power;
When the pledged disciples know
Fellowship in Christ below.

One their joy, and hope, and aim,
Spirit-life in each the same,—
Tending to the Source of bliss,
What a high communion this!

Here the love of Jesus flows,
Each the Spirit's baptism knows:
Not in lambent flame it shines,
But the active soul refines.

Well may they who feel within
Life in God, and death of sin,
Tell the wonders God hath done,
Joy in His redeeming Son.

Oh, the bliss, to live and love
As the saved and blest above!
One with all who love the Lord,
Who His name and grace record.

Thus in Jesus may we know
Sacred fellowship below;
Spirit-life in each the same,
One our joy, and hope, and aim.

Christ, the eternal Father's Son,
With the Godhead joined in One;
In us emblemed ever be
Thy eternal unity.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

JEHOVAH! Father! God! behold
Thine earth-born sons with clement eye,
Albeit of inferior mould
To elder tenants of the sky.

Spontaneous, from its deep abyss,
Let love in grace and pardon flow;
And earth-bound man partake the bliss
Which ranks of sinless natures know.

They wait, upon expectant wing,
The glance of Thy benignant eye,
And drink at Life's immortal spring
The effluent tide of ecstasy.

But we are called to vigorous toil,
To trial, ordeal, conflict, strife,
To wrest from Hell its youthful spoil
And win the guerdon, endless life.

O Thou, whose breath in Eden's grove
Awoke to life the soul-less clod,
Breathe, breathe on us where'er we rove
The soul's resemblance to its God!

EVENING HYMN
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

LIGHTLY tread! let mirth retire!
Softly strike the tuneful lyre!
Mild as evening's solar sheen
Beams the loving Saviour's mien!
Youthful hearts, the call obey—
Hear divine compassion say
"Grace for each, for all, is free:
"Let the children come to Me!"

Lightly tread! where Christ is found,
Whispering peace, 'tis holy ground;
Gently as the night-dews fall,
List the loving Saviour's call:
Youthful hearts, the voice obey—
Hear the call of Jesus say,
"Let the children come to Me,
"Grace for each, for all, is free!"

Evening shadows gently fall;
Night comes down, alike on all;
Ask we now a Saviour's care,
To our homes in peace repair;
Think of Him whose grace we crave,
Once the tenant of the grave:
Of His heaven, all height above,
Of His plentitude of love!

A CHRISTIAN DEATH.

"HAPPY dying"—said a friend—
Rest from toil and trial hailing;
As he viewed his coming end,
And the mortal shrine was failing.

Calmly waiting, till the strife
Of dissolving nature ceased;
And the joy of new-born life
Signalized the soul released.

"Happy dying"—faith responds,
As the final throe draws nigh;
Rending all life's dearest bonds,
Filming each up-glancing eye.

Friends, absorbed in silent grief,
Wait the spirit's quick transition;
Transit from the flesh is brief,—
Bright the world of "open vision!"

"Happy, dying"—when the sky,
Radiant with a golden sheen;
Glory's dayspring from on high,
Lights the shadowy vale between.

Memories, to the conscience shown,
Flee before the Saviour's face;
Pardon, peace, and Heaven are known
Where He glorifies His grace.

His youngest son, Rev. Julius Brigg, wrote the following lines on the occasion of his death.

IN MEMORIAM.

The silver cord is loosed at last,
And broke the golden bowl;
The lengthened race of life is past,
And reached its final goal.

My father's happy spirit now
Has left its earthly shrine,
And Death has placed upon his brow
Its solemn seal and sign.

I tread in thought the path of light
That lies the worlds between,
And trace the spirit in its flight
To realms by man unseen.

And voices to my mind appeal,
And meet with no reply;
And feelings o'er my nature steal
Of strangest mystery.

Has he a kindred spirit met
Of wife or daughter dear?
Or must he through the ages wait
What doth not yet appear?

I know that one who passed away,
Through the great Sacrifice,
'Twas his to be that self-same day
With Christ in Paradise.

And so my father is with Him
He loved and served below,
Where nothing can the vision dim
Of Him 'tis life to know.

And welcome is the thought to me,
With sainted kindred there,
That they and he, from sorrow free,
Sweet spirit-converse share.

It may be that the path they trace
Our pilgrim-footsteps tread ;
It may be that around our ways
Some kindly light they shed.

But this I know, no more to roam
O'er paths by mortals trod,
Their saintly spirits find a home
Within the light of God.

The following are the children of Mr. John Newsom Brigg.

1. John Edwin, who was born at Leeds, February 27th, 1830. He married, in 1857, Mary, the fourth daughter of Mr. George Crowther, of Churwell, who died in London, June 17th, 1873, whither she had gone to consult Mr. Spencer Wells about an operation. During the period which her friends trusted was convalescence, she gave her eldest sister a message for them, from the 30th Psalm, which showed how happy she felt : "Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing. Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness ; to the end that my glory may sing praise unto Thee, and not be silent. O Lord, my God, I will give thanks unto Thee for ever."

His second wife was his relative, Alice Caroline, second daughter of Mr. Walter Williams, of Vernon House, Brixton Hill, London. Having, while resident in London, been an active and useful member of Surrey Chapel, she transferred her benevolent and useful activity after marriage to another sphere. As a member of the Yorkshire Women's Christian Temperance Association, and Treasurer of the High Flatts Inebriate Home for Women, she delighted to associate with Christian Ladies of other denominations in

philanthropic work. She fell ill at Penarth, in October, 1896, and although everything was done for her that medical and surgical skill could contrive, she succumbed at Enfield, on the 29th November. While lying ill, she wrote me from her bed: "I am no better yet but thankful and happy in presence of Jesus and the precious love of dear ones. How much to be thankful for, and for you, my own darling!' She said to her sister, Mrs. Ridge: "Underneath are the everlasting arms, and His banner over me is love.'" Her remains were interred in the Enfield Cemetery, Revs. Newman Hall, D.D. and Henry Grainger, who officiated at her wedding, conducting the service at the interment; and as she had referred on her death-bed to the hymn: "Thou sweet, beloved will of God," it was not only sung at the funeral, but the second verse was afterwards inscribed on her tombstone. Her husband being Vicar of Hepworth, where she had laboured with much acceptance and success, a Tablet was placed by her sisters in the church, to commemorate her sweet character and good works.

John Edwin Brigg was for about 25 years in business; but, having retired from business life, he took orders in the Church of England in 1872, becoming Curate to the Rev. Edward Jackson, M.A., at St. James's Church, Leeds. He afterwards had sole charge of Thruscross, in the Washburn valley, and then had charge of Morton, near Bingley, for about a year. He lived for four years at Wetherby, having charge, most of the time, of the villages of Ribston and Linton in the Spofforth Parish. He was for 16 years Vicar of Hepworth, near Huddersfield. He was the Author of two Books, "The Philosophy of the New Birth," and "Hearty Counsels," and of a booklet, "For Thy Name's Sake." In 1897 he retired into private life and fixed his residence in Huddersfield.

2. Sarah Harriet, born May 4th, 1832, married Rev. John Priestley, Wesleyan Missionary, and went out with him to Great Namaqualand, 700 miles north of Cape Town. Two

children were born at Nisbett Bath, one of whom became the wife of Rev. Luke Lewis Swift, Wesleyan Minister. After spending five years on the remote mission-station of Nisbett Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Priestley removed to Stellenbosch, a colonial town, about 30 miles from Cape Town, and here Mrs. Priestley fell ill with what at first appeared to be a severe cold, but issued in apoplexy. She died February 23rd, 1865, aged 32 years. The Rev. Samuel Hardey, of Cape Town, writes respecting her: "She was a sister indeed, one that adorned in all things the doctrine of God her Saviour, and has left behind her a good report of all who knew her. Her career among us was short, and her life not one of glitter and show, yet according to her means and opportunities we may safely say, 'She hath done what she could,' and an archangel could do no more."

3. Arthur, born at Islington, March 1st, 1834. He became a Wesleyan Missionary, and was for 25 years on the following stations in South Africa: Queen's-Town, Heald-Town, Wittebergen, Bensonvale, Somerset East, and Graaff-Reinett. Returning to England in consequence of impaired health, he wrote a very interesting book descriptive of his missionary experiences and observations, which he entitled, "Sunny Fountains and Golden Sands." His last years were spent in the Allendale, Grassington, and Cockermouth Circuits, and at the last place he died, March 7th, 1890, and was interred in the Cemetery, amid every demonstration of affection and respect. On this occasion, his junior colleague, Rev. W. W. Haughton, gave the following testimony to his worth. He said, "He felt, as he looked upon that coffin, that he had lost a father. His relationship to their superintendent minister was of the happiest character, and he could scarcely believe it when he was told he was dead; the news almost stunned him. Like everybody else, he felt that Mr. Brigg was a good man; beyond and above everything else he was a good man. They praised God for their minister's goodness; they glorified God in him. He had never, in his short life, come

across a minister who did his work so conscientiously as Mr. Brigg did. All the little details of his work were attended to. They remembered how he visited the sick, how he looked after the children, and how everything in the round of circuit life and work was under his diligent supervision. Mr. Brigg took an interest in everything. His goodness was not of a sentimental kind; it was essentially practical. He was practical in his Christianity. There was another thing about Mr. Brigg that impressed people, and that was his hopefulness. He always went about with a cheerful, bright appearance, and made the best of everything. As he thought about Mr. Brigg he recalled to his mind the beautiful saying in the New Testament—'their works do follow them.' What a company will follow Mr. Brigg to heaven! A great many had been converted under his ministration. They remembered the mission he had here last winter; then a great many young people decided for Christ, as the result of Mr. Brigg's earnest addresses and services. Those he had converted and those he had strengthened would all follow him, one by one, and they would enter the Better Land, and with the utmost joy meet their pastor."

His wife, who survived him, was Anna Maria, daughter of Mr. John Teasdale, of York, who was born September 21st, 1837. She was the mother of a large family, of whom ~~eight~~ ten survived their father.* Arthur Brigg wrote a number of poems, of which the following are given as specimens.

FAREWELL.

ENGLAND, land of love and beauty!
Home of friends! I love thee well.
Can I, at the call of duty,
Bid thy happy shores farewell?

Holy hours and Sabbath pleasures,
Works of love, in memory's cell
Ye are stored as hidden treasures;
Shall I say to you farewell?

* John Teasdale Brigg, born Nov. 10th 1877, died at Kingswood School Feby. 28th 1891.

Friends, endeared to recollection,
Dearer far than words can tell,
On your looks of sweet affection
Memory will delight to dwell.

Ah, 'twill cost a pang of sorrow,
And this beating heart will swell,
When I know that on the morrow
I shall hear *your* sad farewell.

But, when parting tears are over
And the winds my canvas swell,
And the whitened cliffs of Dover
Give their lingering last farewell,

Then I'll check my soul's emotion,
All the inward tumult quell ;
Bow to God in meek devotion,
God who " ruleth all things well."

He shall give me consolation,
Every gloomy thought dispel,
Guide me to my destination,
Safely o'er the water's swell.

Panting to commence my labour,
Forth I'll go with joy to tell
" How he died, the blessed Saviour,
To redeem a world from hell."

On the sunny, verdant mountain,
In the jungle, grove, and dell,
By the lowly, murmuring fountain,
O'er the desert, waste, and fell,

Sounds of mercy simply flying
Shall destroy the demon's spell,
And awake the millions lying
In the arms of death and hell.

Satan's kingdom shall be shaken,
And his holds, though guarded well,
Shall through Jesus' might be taken ;
Jesus will his fury quell !

Hail, Messiah ! Prince of Glory !
Lord of heaven, death, and hell !
All shall bow the knee before Thee,
And Thy praise in chorus swell.

Yes! for such a consummation
I can go with joy to dwell,
Toiling in a far-off nation:
England! I can say, "Farewell!"

October, 1855.

WORK.

WORK! for time is flying,
And souls are dying!
They seek destruction,
In the error of their way;
Give them instruction,
So their erring steps thou'lt stay.

Work! for Death is near
With aspect blear!
His copious quiver
Full of barbed poisoned darts;
Mortals shiver,
And he plunges at their hearts!

Work! ere long the dawning
Of Judgment morning,
With thunders seven,
And Archangel's trump, will tell
Whether in Heaven
Thy award shall be, or Hell!

Work! a crown of glory
Is set before thee!
Glittering brightly
In the light of Heaven's ray.
Wilt thou lightly
Cast so great a prize away?

Work! thou soon shalt wear
That trophy fair!
Thy hand shall bear,
Waving high, the Victor's palm!
And toil and care
Be exchanged for Heaven's calm!

THE MYSTERIOUS CRY.

"In July, 1858, a native delivered a message from some Fingoes living in the Amatola Mountains, requesting that a teacher might be sent to them. He said that, one day when he was travelling, he came to a kraal where he found all the people in great confusion and bustle. They had heard a war-cry raised, and the men were all seizing their assegais to go, and see what it meant. It is a custom among the Kafir tribes, when war is breaking out, for men to shout an announcement from one hill-top to another; and the news travels with such celerity, that in a few hours the whole country is aroused, He accompanied them to the place, when, to their great astonishment, they found the alarm to be that of a large number of young people in the bush, crying to God for salvation."—"*Sunny Fountains.*"

A CRY! a cry from the mountains far!
It comes on the breeze like a cry of war!
'Tis heard by the hills, and echoed again!
'Tis borne through the valleys, the ominous strain!
A cry! a cry! it grows loud and long,
Then seems to expire the woods among;
Anon it rises, a dismal wail,
Like the mighty blast of the ocean gale!
A cry! a cry! nor of one voice alone—
'Tis the cry of numbers, that strange wild tone!
What can it mean? 'Tis the war alarm!
Arouse ye, warriors! haste and arm!
Fly to the field and face the foe—
Our quivering shafts shall lay him low!
To the field they fly with lightning speed,
Each mind intent on warlike deed;
Hearts beating high with kindling ire
And eyes lit up with gleams of fire.
Advancing thus in martial pride,
They scour the Amatola's side.

No danger daunts ;
They search the haunts
Where erst in Afric's thrilling story
Their fiercest foes
To war arose,
And fell despoiled of all their glory.
Swiftly the beetling height they gain,
And louder comes the thrilling strain !
'Tis *not* the war-cry's piercing sound !—
They halt, and scan the country round,
Nor long, for in the neighbouring vale
Is uttered that mysterious wail.
Dismounted from their foaming steeds,
Each warrior-man his charger leads
In single file. The pathway steep,
By many a rugged curve and sweep,
Conducts them to the mountain hollow,—
With haste the plaintive cry they follow.
Deep in the most unfrequent spot,
Beneath the fair mimosa's shade,
The rising tumult heeding not,
A score of youthful suppliants *prayed*,
With tearful eyes upraised to Heaven,
Anxious to know their sins forgiven.
Around them stand
The armed band,
And listen with averted eyes.
No clamour told the strange surprise,
But earnest thought,
In silence wrought.
Slowly the brawny hands unclasp ;—
The liberated assegais,
Flashing the sunlight from the skies,
Fall from the warriors' nerveless grasp.
A strange alarm beclouds each face !
Banished is every warlike trace !—
But list ! the former cries of sadness
Already changed to songs of gladness !
Each heart the Saviour's love inflames !
Each tongue the Saviour's praise proclaims !
And angel minstrelsies conspire
To raise the swelling rapture higher !

Heald Town, March, 1859.

(1) Arthur William Teasdale, born at the Wittebergen Mission House, South Africa, October 12th, 1862, has never visited England, but is engaged in farming in New England.

(2) Charles Herbert, born at the Wittebergen Mission House, April 22nd, 1864, married Louisa Dixon Miller, of Graaff Reinet, who was born in South Africa, May 13th, 1864. He is engaged in farming, and has one little boy.

(3) Helen Maude, born at Wittebergen, November 15th, 1865, married Daniel Brown, of Lymm, Cheshire, and has four children.

(4) Agnes Catherine, born at Lady Grey, South Africa, January 25th, 1868, was married, at Cockermouth, to the Rev. Edward Branch Mahon, B.A., of Brighton, Pastor of the Congregational Church, Skene Street, Aberdeen, and has one little boy.

(5) Charlotte Newsom, born at Wittebergen, August 18th, 1869, married John Fawcett Collins, of Cockermouth. They afterwards removed to Carlisle, where he holds a good position in the London and Midland Bank.

(6) Louisa Florence, born at Wittebergen, January 26th, 1871, was married at Holy Trinity Church, Huddersfield, June 16th, 1897, to Harry Scott Brown, of Lymm, Cheshire.

(7) Henry Oswald, born at Wittebergen, February 21st, 1873. After pursuing a course of study at Headingley College, he was ordained to the ministry at Irthlingborough, Nottinghamshire, and sent out as a Wesleyan Missionary to Mashonaland, Rhodesia. He is inspired by the same motives as those which actuated his father, and is willing to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. May he have a long and successful missionary career, as one of those who turn many to righteousness!

(8) Gertrude Mary, born at Bensonvale, South Africa, December 10th, 1875, was married at Holy Trinity Church, Huddersfield, September 16th, 1897, to Francis Edward Brown, of Cockermouth, where they continue to reside.

(9) Jessie Constance, born at Allendale, Northumberland, September 13th, 1883.

4. Oswald Brigg, born July 11th, 1836, left England for South Africa, November, 1859, and married, June 25th, 1866, Mary Ann Amery, of Graham's Town. After some years spent at Graham's Town, he took up his abode at the Wittebergen Mission Station, first as a store-keeper, and afterwards as a farmer. He has five children.

(1) Mary Maude, born August 30th, 1867, at Wittebergen, who married Charles William Cullingworth, of Brockley, London. They live at Krom Spruit, Bensonvale, and have one child.

(2) Annie Beatrice, born at Aliwal North, June 24th, 1869, who married Harry George Sherwin, of Reading, England. He is a law agent, in Herschel, South Africa.

(3) Amy Newsom, born January 3rd, 1872, at Maudesley, Wittebergen.

(4) Alfred Oswald, born October 20th, 1873, at Maudesley Farm, Wittebergen.

(5) Henry Arthur, born October 24th, 1877.

5. Eliza, born November 8th, 1838. Being the only unmarried daughter, she remained to the end of her father's life his companion and housekeeper. After his death, she became companion to Mrs. Lord, of Bacup; but, while there, had such a serious attack of hemorrhage from the lungs, as obliged her to leave the inclement climate of England, and go to South Africa. Her life was thus prolonged for five years. She died from renewed hemorrhage at Graaff Reinet, on the night of the 21st September, 1898, and her remains were interred in the Wesleyan Burial Ground, Graaff Reinet. She was a cheerful companion and a true friend, and was much beloved. Two little poems of her's are in the Editor's possession, the first of which was called forth by a visit to the home of her brother, when he had charge of Thruscross Church, and refers to a former visit thither of Fred Coulton and his mother.

WESTHOUSES, December, 1873.

Mossy gates of iron wrought,
As ye open, active thought
Leaps the intervening years,
Chequered all with smiles and tears;
Travelling backward, meets the day
Freddy trod this gravelled way.

Bending willow, spreading beech,
Trembling aspen,—has not each,
Twenty summers spread its shade
O'er the dewy, verdant glade,
Since, with loving mother dear,
Happy Freddy wandered here.

Where the sparkling fountains gleam,
And the rushing Washburn's stream
Tumbles o'er its rocky bed,
Safe, by gentle mother led,
Wandered Freddy, free from guile,
Winning health and hearts the while.

Now with cautious steps and slow,
Where the ordered waters flow,
"Large round wonder in his eyes,"
Freddy sees the mill-wheel rise;
Dances to the rush and roar,
Only wishing it were more.

Sabbath dawns, and up betimes,
Freddy hears the distant chimes,
Borne along on scented air,
Calling to the house of prayer:
Welcome sight and welcome hour,
Welcome sight of Fewston tower.

"Let us with a gladsome mind,
"Praise the Lord for He is kind:"
(Human voices raise the song,
Angel choirs the strain prolong:)
"For His mercies shall endure,
"Ever faithful, ever sure."

Day by day new joys arise,
Budding flow'rets, changing skies;
Hark! the skylark singing soars;
See! the orchard yields its stores:
Now the bending sheaves among,
Freddy sings the reaper's song.

Quickly gone is summer-tide,
Autumn's fulness may not bide;
Chilling winter comes apace,
Hides the charms of nature's face:—
Son and mother home repair,
Light, and love, and joy are there.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

Walk with the beautiful and with the grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy steps deter;
Sorrow may lead thee, trembling, by the hand,
But give not *all* thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "the beautiful," what is it?
Ah! thou art darkly ignorant: be sure
'Tis no long weary road it's form to visit,
For thou canst make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the beautiful.

Aye love it. 'Tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience, when the heart is lonely:
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made "a little lower" only;
Then love the beautiful.

Sigh for it. Clasp it, when 'tis in thy way.
Be its idolator, as of a maiden.
Thy parents knelt to it, and more than they;
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face,
Some in a favourite warbler of the skies;
But be not fool'd; where'er thine eye may trace,
Seeking the beautiful, it will arise.
Then seek it *everywhere*.

Thy bosom is its mint. The workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee. Believing
The beautiful exists in every star,
Thou mak'st it so, and art thyself deceiving,
If otherwise thy faith.

One thing I warn thee,—give no ear to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
While they who keep their best affections young
Best love the Beautiful.

6. Julius Brigg, born at Leeds, July 28th, 1840, studied at Didsbury College, and became a Wesleyan Minister. On the 4th September, 1868, he was married at Headingley Chapel, to Charlotte Inniss, elder daughter of the Rev. Alexander Mansie, a West-Indian Missionary. He was stationed successively at Tenterden, Todmorden, Devizes, Hawes, Barnard Castle, Settle, Stainland, Hexham, Leighton Buzzard, Tewkesbury, and Woodhouse Grove, and died at West Kirby, in Cheshire, April 20th, 1893, after two years of lingering illness, borne with much patience, and his remains were interred in the churchyard. He was not only a very acceptable preacher, but had the poetic gift, and was an attractive writer for the young. Dr. Julian, in his Dictionary of Hymnology, writes thus respecting him: "His contributions to hymnody include the following hymns: 1. 'Father from Thy throne in glory,' written in October, 1861, to be sung at the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Sunday School Teachers of Leeds. It was published in the Methodist Sunday School Hymn-Book, 1879; the Golden Harp Sunday School Book, and others. 2. 'Lord of Angels, pure and holy,' a hymn for children, written in March, 1871, and included in the Methodist Sunday School Hymn-book. 3. 'Friends of truth and liberty,' dated September, 1872, and given in Wesleyan Temperance Hymns and Songs, 1877. 4. 'The many are not always right,' for Bands of Hope, written in June, 1876, and included in various Temperance Hymnals, and in Stevenson's School Hymnal, 1880. 5. 'If every little sunbeam,' dated October, 1877, and published in the Wesleyan Temperance Hymnal and Songs the same year. 6. 'Again we meet in gladness,' written in 1880, and first published in Stevenson's School Hymnal the same year."

His poetical productions were very numerous, and the following are given but as specimens.

THE WOODLAND SHRINE.

I WORSHIP in a temple,
Which God himself hath planned;
I worship in a temple
All fashioned by His hand.

Behold the trees, its pillars!
Its leafy arches see!
And through its lofty windows
The sun shines gloriously!

The service here is choral,
The birds in concert sing;
And incense riseth daily
Of floral offering.

The roof is sky of azure,
And emerald the floor,
And here the praise ascendeth
In sweetness evermore.

No surpliced priesthood gathers
Within the sacred shrine,
But God Himself revealeth
In Majesty Divine.

And pure and happy angels,
Do they not gather here,
In praises God adoring,
Unheard by mortal ear?

Oh let my footsteps linger
Where angel-hosts are found;
For where they walk and worship
It must be holy ground.

ONLY A CHILD.

A funeral winds its weary way
Through the crowded city's street,
Where the roll of traffic is heard all day,
And the tramp of a thousand feet.

The sad procession is scarcely seen
Midst the cars that come and go,
As it onward moves to the graveyard green,
With its step so measured and slow.

But some there are, as the hearse draws near,
Who ask "Who is dead to-day"?
And the answer falls on the listening ear,
For 'tis "only a child," they say.

'Tis "only a child" to the busy crowd,
Engrossed in the city's strife;
But a mother's love lies within that shroud,
And the light of a father's life.

'Tis "only a child" to the passers by,
But the dear Lord loves her name;
And the angels bright, as the end drew nigh,
To the couch of the dying came.

And upward they bore her to realms of light,
O'er steeps by the ransomed trod;
'Twas "only a child" that they laid to rest
In the arms of her Father, God.

THE DISCONTENTED FURNITURE.

Within a certain parlour once was heard unusual stir,
At nine o'clock, or so, a.m., amongst the furniture.
The table was not in its place, the chairs were all awry,
I nothing but disorder saw, and much I wondered why.
I asked the cause of all the stir, but silence reigned around,—
The ticking of the timepiece there the only whispered sound.
The sofa in the sulks I found, the chairs in temper bad,
The table discontented was, the hearth-rug almost mad;
The pictures, peevishly inclined, were hanging all askew,
And much I wondered why the things should make this strange ado.
The timepiece held its hands before its face for very shame,
As once again I asked the things the secret cause to name.
At length a hassock spake, and said, "With my two listening ears
I've heard more quarrelling to-day than through the last few years."
The sofa then the bolder grew, and said, "'Twill be as well
The secret of the whole uproar at once to you to tell.
The fact is this,—we do not feel contented with our lot,
And think that others have respect which we ourselves have not;
Our neighbours in the drawing-room have lives of quiet ease,
While we are daily moved about as our superiors please."
Then spake the table: "very true, but I'm the worst of all,
For one day you will find me large, the next day I am small;

My grievance is the greatest one of all that must be told,
And hard it is within the house my proper place to hold."
The hearth-rug then chimed-in and said,—"Whatever others say,
My lot is least to be desired,—I'm trod on every day,
Or else by cruel hands I'm brushed, or most unkindly banged."
To which the pictures all replied,—"We've every one been hanged."
The chairs had uttered not a word, and much I wished to know
Whate'er had happened to disturb and disarrange them so:
So one old chair that had not joined in this unseemly stir,
And seemed a kind of father to the other furniture,
Held out his quiet arms and looked at me with both his eyes,
And spake to me in words I thought particularly wise:
"Remember, sir, that whoso has a discontented mind
Is very much disposed to be to other folks unkind;
And so it has been here to-day, all quarrelling and strife,
Because each one was not content with his own lot in life,"
All took the hint so kindly given, each found its proper place,
Determined for the coming time to shew becoming grace;
And order was resumed once more, and peace restored again,
Before the timepiece could find time to strike the hour of ten.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

LORD of angels pure and holy,
Who in heaven Thy will obey,
Meek Thou art to those, and lowly,
Who in earthly temples pray.
Listen to our supplication,
Thou, who art the children's Friend;
Bless us with Thy great salvation,
While we at Thy footstool bend.

Give us now Thy Holy Spirit,
Raise our thoughts to things on high,
Where the glorified inherit
Pleasures that can never die.
We would pass the pearly portals,
Gain the many mansions there,
And with all the bright immortals
Heaven's unfading glory share.

From the guilt of sin deliver,
From the power of sin set free;
Thou of life the Lord and Giver,
Make, oh make us, all like Thee.

Then Thy blessed will obeying,
We shall gain that blissful shore,
Where for ever safe from straying,
We will praise Thee evermore.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

The world is what we make it—or jubilant or sad,
As clouds upon the spirit rest, or sunshine makes it glad;
As sense and intellect discern, or, blinded, fail to see,
The world is full of loveliness, or is of beauty free.

The world is what we make it—to Mammon-souls a mine
Wherein the precious metals lie and diamond-fortunes shine;
To Pleasure's restless votaries a place of dance and song,
For mingled mirth and revelry their kindred loves among.

The world is what we make it—to Fashion's devotees
It furnishes a Fancy Fair, the eye of Pride to please,
Where those of little minds may mix with others that have none,
A show for Envy to admire and Pity grieve upon.

The world is what we make it—prosaic business men
The market value of the earth's fair produce only ken,
And in their eyes the sea that breaks on sands by God impearled
Is but a highway for the trade and commerce of the world.

The world is what we make it—to Poet's heart it teems
With scenes that sweetly charm by day, and haunt his nightly dreams,
For, one in heart, where'er he looks, are Truth and Beauty found,
And earth, through all her vast domains, to him is holy ground.

The world is what we make it—to Faith's superior sight
There rests on all its loveliness a more than solar light,
And heard is sweep of angel-wings, and voices from afar
Which call away to higher sphere where brighter glories are.

The world is what we make it—a garden or a tomb,
As vices crush the manhood out, or cherished virtues bloom;
To me be earth a place from which a radiant path may rise
To lead me to the home of light, eternal in the skies!

THE DOWN-GRADE.

THERE'S a boatman on the river, half a league above the falls;
And the watchers tell of danger, but he heedeth not their calls;
He has sailed adown that river oftener far than he can tell,
And he knows each varying current, knows each hidden danger well.

Not too far the man will venture—he can turn at any time;
Has he not for such endeavour all the strength of manhood's prime?
And the watchers wait in wonder, and the wonder grows to fear;
But they check themselves by saying, "Soon the champion will be here."

Yet he comes not! Eyes are looking far adown the river-tide,
While the gathering fears grow darker, struggling rays of hope to hide;
Darker still must be the outlook; for the boatman's pall is spread,
And Niagara's thunder-voices chant their dirges o'er the dead!

Far, too far, the man has ventured, till his efforts have been vain,
Spite of desperate endeavour, place of safety then to gain;
And however long the watchers wait to greet him on the shore,
He has passed beyond their vision—they will see him nevermore!

There are pitfalls on the highways of the busy world to-day,
There are rapids in the rivers, bearing souls of men away;
Yet, in spite of danger-signals, men rush onward to their doom,
On the downward grade descending to the darkness of the tomb.

Say not the first glass is harmless—others follow in its train,
Working out their deadly mischief in the victim's heart and brain;
And the drunkards all around us drunkards never meant to be.
But the foe they dared to fondle filched from them their liberty,

Now as captives, bound and branded, deaf to oft-repeated calls,
Drift they onward, drift they downward, downward to the fatal falls,
Followed by successive victims, soon to sink beneath the waves,
Singing now in loud carousals, "Britons never shall be slaves!"

Other dangers lie around us, though the path be bright with flowers;
Speaking still are syren voices (serpents hide in fairest bowers);
While the cruel tempter cometh to the young man with the lie:
"Freely take your fill of pleasure, for ye shall not surely die."

Every land hath its Monaco, where the demon-haunted meet,
Risking body, soul and spirit, till the ruin is complete.
Have ye seen the dark deceivers? There is poison in their breath,
And through all their gilded chambers lie the paths that lead to death.

Oh, the temples of these tempters!—it is time they were o'erthrown,
Leaving not as their memorial even one accursed stone.
For, by false ambition blinded, men at Mammon's fatal shrine,
Yield in cruel immolation lives that ought to be divine.

'Tis the story, oft-repeated, of the boatman and the falls,—
Men are still, in face of danger, deaf to duty's clarion calls;
Passing onward, drifting downward, impotent themselves to save,
Through the river's whelming waters to the darkness of the grave.

Who will hasten to the rescue? There is time for no delay:
In the night men cannot labour, they must work while it is day,
And for him who saves his brother from the paths by sinners trod,
Are the guerdons of the faithful in the presence of his God.

THE DRINK-LION.

[Respectfully dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P.]

A ROARING lion is at large,
Within the British nation,
A curse wherever he is found
Amongst its population.

And much the wiser men have wished
The beast were not so savage,
And laboured hard in many ways
To end his cruel ravage.

With lasso of red tape they've tried
The lion to entangle,
And latterly with ribbon blue
Have sought the brute to strangle.

They've tried to shut the monster up
At least one day in seven,
And dreamt that, for a little while,
The land would be like heaven.

But still he shakes his shaggy mane
And swings his tail in fury,
Defying both the Church and State,
Defying judge and jury.

'Tis time the enemy were slain
Beyond all resurrection,
Though "vested interests" appeal
For "justice and protection."

Bring out, ye men, your Armstrong guns,
And charge with ball and powder,
And fear not if, when taking aim,
The lion roars the louder.

Too long the land has spared the brute,
Of life deserving never;
Let fly the canister and grape,
And settle him for ever.

TO MY FATHER,

On the Eightieth Anniversary of his Birthday.

Wealth, Father dear, may not to-day
Its costly gifts before thee lay,
And friends, perchance, may be but few
Who gather 'neath the olden yew;
But let this lowly lyric prove
A son's deep reverence and love,
And shed its tributary light
To make life's eventide more bright.

From Lyddon's mount, from Hepworth's bowers,
From Hexham's venerable towers,
From homes afar beyond the sea,
Bright eyes to-day are turned to thee;
And loved ones pray that God will shed
His blessings on thine honoured head,
And richer benedictions pour,
Than lengthened life has known before.

Be these the joys which make thee blest,
As sinks the sun beyond the west—
The memory of a well-spent life,
The hope of conquest in the strife,
The confidence that, though no heir
Ancestral coronet may wear,
'Twill be thy children's joy to claim
The guerdon of a stainless name.

Hexham, February 18th, 1882.

THE SUPREME NAME.

When mortal weakness o'er me steals,
And failing senses mutely plead,
What voice availingly appeals
To comfort in that time of need?

Philosophy is vain to bless
The heart that pants for something higher,
And fails to mitigate the stress
Of sweeping water, flood, or fire.

And poetry is weak to wake
The fading energies to life;
And powerless the spell to break,
Which rests upon the closing strife.

The names whose mention once had power
To touch emotion's secret spring,
Are impotent, the blessed dower
Of peace, and hope, and joy to bring.

But whisper of One precious name
Re-animates the failing sense,
And kindles to a brighter flame
Life's flickering intelligence.

O Bearer of that name supreme,
Jehovah-Jesus, Friend Divine;
Say, when I cross life's latent stream,
"I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine."

So safely shall I reach the shore
By feet of earlier pilgrims trod,
And find my home for evermore,
At rest within the arms of God.

Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, Nov., 1893.

The children of Julius Brigg are five:

(1) John Newsom, born at Todmorden, June 28th, 1869.

(2) Ethel Mansie, born at Hawes, Yorkshire, December 16th, 1871, was married at Hepworth Church, by her uncle, Rev. J. E. Brigg, to Charles Hewitson Nelson, of Liscard, Cheshire. She inherits the poetic gift of her father and

grandfather, and several of her compositions have appeared from time to time in Wesleyan Methodist Magazines. The date of "Life's Resting Times" is August, 1881. "In Memoriam" appeared in the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, June, 1893.

LIFE'S RESTING TIMES.

The day is over, and the shadows brood,
Like guardian angels, o'er the purple moor:
The western sky is tender with the glow
Which lingers when the sunset gold is o'er;
And in its light there trembles high afar
The evening star.

Earth's wail of woe is silent for awhile,
Earth's myriad toilers from their labours cease,
And tempted storm-tossed souls, in evening calm,
Enjoy the foretaste of eternal peace;
Earth's mourners on the wings of evening rise
To Paradise.

To our poor weary souls come resting times
From the fierce heat and burden of the day;
Times of refreshing, when the troubled heart
Strengthened, refreshed, pursues its upward way;
Times which we feel in loving care are planned
By God's own Hand.

Chafe not, O weary soul, nor long again
To join the hosts in life's long ranks of war;
Christ's glory fills thy quiet resting place,
The everlasting arms thy comfort are;
To thee in solitude and pain is given
The rest of Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

Rest, rest at last,
Surcease of weary pain, for evermore,
No surging rush of Death's great tidal wave,
No dread on life's last shore.

Like a tired child
He crept within his Saviour's loving breast:
We could not mourn that the dear sufferer's head,
Was gently laid at rest.

Ours, ours the loss,
The daily yearning for the saint-like face,
The bitter knowledge that no earthly love
Could ever take his place.

To the far east
His dear, closed eyes are turned in dreamless sleep:
No more with joyful hearts can he rejoice,
Nor weep with those who weep.

His work is o'er,
And God has laid to rest His servant's feet,—
The weary feet that for His sake had trod,
In day-time's toil and heat.

Peace, peace at last;
No more of patient waiting time for him:
May we his peace possess when o'er our hearts
Earth's light of life grows dim!

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(3) Frederic Keir, born at Garforth, near Leeds, August 20th, 1874.

(4) Edwin Wilberforce, born at Settle, Yorkshire, November 27th, 1877.

(5) Charlotte Winifred, born at Garforth, March 31st, 1880.

7. Maria, born November 25th, 1844, married Henry Constantine, son of William Ingham, Upholsterer, Leeds, and died at Lyddon Terrace, March 4th, 1888, leaving four children: (1) Edith, born July 1st, 1870. (2) Arthur Ernest, born December 25th, 1871. (3) Walter Henry, born September 11th, 1874. (4) Frank Oswald, born May 22nd, 1877. Her sweet, meek, consistent Christian life was the best witness she could leave behind. But it is interesting to know that on the afternoon of the day on which she died she sent for her husband and told him that her end was near, but that she felt ready to depart. To her sorrowing daughter she said: "Edith, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' I can say no more." Her remains were interred at Lawnswood Cemetery, near Adel.

iv. Hannah Maria was the second daughter and fourth child of William and Mary Brigg, and was born September 10th, 1803. She performed the sweet ministries of a sister whose interest was absorbed in helping others, attaching herself in the first instance to Mr. John F. Myers, afterwards to her brother William while he was a widower, and then to the children of her deceased sister, Harriet. She died October 19th, 1878, and was interred in Woodhouse Cemetery, Leeds.

v. Harriet, who was born September 1st, 1806, married John Frederick Myers, of Leeds. She had a suffering married life in London, and in the end a separation was effected, when she returned with her children to Leeds. There she died February 19th, 1855, leaving three children :.

1. John William, born 1830, who married Julia Ann Staniland, March 4th, 1869. He was a hosier in Woodhouse Lane, Leeds, and died September 2nd, 1870, leaving one son, George Frederic, born December 17th, 1869.

2. Harriet Eliza, born July 22nd, 1832, died unmarried, at Headingley, Leeds, July 4th, 1893.

3. Emily Ann, born August 14th, 1834.

vi. Eliza, born September 4th, 1808, who married George Bailey Pearson, of Leeds, April 22nd, 1835, and died January 29th, 1837, leaving two sons :

1. Clement, born January 29th, 1836, who married Elizabeth Bagley, of Holbeck, Leeds, December 25th, 1868. He was a Chemist and Druggist at Leeds, and died February 11th, 1887. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth me from all sin," was his living and dying testimony. Two sons lived to grow up, Clement Harvard, born October 11th, 1868, and Arthur Cecil Brigg, born March 21st, 1872.

2. George Brigg, born January 23rd, 1837, who married Mary Ann Taylor, of Oatlands, Leeds. He was a surgeon at Holbeck, and died July 19th, 1888, leaving one daughter and one son.

vii. Alfred, born October 15th, 1809, married, December 3rd, 1835, Elizabeth, daughter of Matthew Stephenson, of Gildersome. He was a cloth-finisher at Carlton Cross Mills, Leeds, and a Class-leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and died at Headingley, after a long period of suffering from neuralgia, July 19th, 1875, leaving one daughter and three sons:

1. Mary, born May 9th, 1843.

2. Matthew Alfred, born January 29th, 1851.

3. Thomas Stephenson, born June 10th, 1852, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Nicholson, of Whitby. He has three sons, Lawrence Heriot, born June 15th, 1883, Gerald Francis, born August 11th, 1885, and Edward Amyas, born May 18th, 1888.

4. Edward Newsom, born July 20th, 1856, who died unmarried, July 4th, 1889.

viii. Emma, born March 2nd, 1811. She and her younger sister lived for many years at Melbourne Terrace, Headingley, but she died at Hyde Park, Leeds, July 14th, 1879.

ix. Lydia, born November 3rd, 1812, died unmarried, August 20th, 1877.

The Editor has now completed the work he felt under a religious obligation to discharge. Had his dear wife survived, she would have been jointly responsible with her husband for the contents of this volume, but as he is left alone, he must personally commend the book to the perusal and favourable consideration of his nephews and nieces. He is affectionately interested in their well-being, and, knowing by personal experience and observation the blessedness of the Christian life, desires that all who are related to him should participate in its joys and hopes. Wonderful developments of science and enlargements of the sphere of Christian activity and

influence have taken place during the Nineteenth Century; and marvellously rapid has been the opening up of the world and its subjugation to industry and civilization during the later half of that period: but who can forecast what the coming century will bring? May all those for whom the Editor has written be spared to enter upon it and take their proper share in its enterprises; and may they all realize the fulfilment of those encouraging words of the glorified Saviour: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!"

4411

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